

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General

If someone will be kind enough to move, I will hasten to second, a resolution that there never were any such men as Ganev, Crossin or Cap. Sullivan; that there is no such place as Manitowish Island; no such official as Hon. J. R. Stratton; no such eminent criminal lawyer as E. F. B. Johnston; that there is no piano factory; in fact, no nuthin' except a bad political dream of which people are heartily sick. If affidavit is to be added to affidavit and charge to be piled upon charge, the majority of readers of newspapers will make up their minds that every man is a liar who says he has had anything to do with, or knows anything about, this evil-smelling episode. Neither political party can be either harmed or helped by any more affidavits or any more so-called developments. The last chapter in this miscegenation of the affidavit of William H. Callaghan, a man who brazenly confesses that he made his alleged disclosures because he did not get paid for his alleged unsavory services. Everyone maligned by his affidavit declares the statement to be absolutely false, and I must confess that I think it is. For shrewd men like Messrs. Stratton and Johnston to do what Callaghan says they did is absolutely incredible—particularly as they had had experience with similar people not long ago. It is strange that there are persons like Ganev and Callaghan willing to make oaths that they are respectable people willing to do all sorts of nasty jobs for cash. The Callaghan affidavit distinctly weakens the Conservative case in the minds of all thoughtful people. One can only account for its appearance and the use that is being made of it by looking forward to the time when the text of this swear will be read in country schoolhouses to unsophisticated electors who still believe that what is said under oath is true. Possibly in a backwoods campaign this sort of thing will have some effect. Amongst thoughtful and experienced men the document will be scouted as a miserable and dirty fake.

The Conservative politicians of the Third Ward met the other night for a love feast and to elect officers. A scheme was sprung on the bunch of workers assembled for the nomination of a straight Conservative ticket for the next municipal elections. Auntie Howland is somehow suspected of putting up this scheme as a graft to get himself back into the mayoralty job. He intimated that Toronto was being run by a boss—a Grit one at that—and feared that if something were not done a frightful condition of things after the Tammany pattern would result. Sure enough, if we want an imitation Tammany crowd to run the city, all that is required is a straight Conservative ticket for which the Conservative party will not be responsible. Ward heelers and bum politicians would consider it the chance of their lives to get inside the City Hall and turn misgovernment into a science, whereby each one would be entitled to grab anything he could carry away. There was a time when I believed that if political parties would become responsible for candidates it would be a good system, but now that both political parties have become irresponsible and chasing after office hot-foot, city elections run on party lines would mean the nomination of the noisiest, most incompetent and most pushful Conservatives that could be found in Toronto, even if the city were hand-picked to get the worst. If the Grits are able to dominate at the City Hall it is because by accident, not design, cleverer and more energetic Liberals than Tories have been put into office at civic elections. One cannot blame the ex-Mayor for encouraging this partizan scheme, for he never would have been our chief executive if the Conservatives had not been rounded up by a howl about Grit domination. The result was so unsatisfactory that it is not likely the scheme can be warmed over.

There is no mistaking the attitude of the "Canadian Baptist" on the question of the mayoralty of Toronto, as can be seen by the following extract: "Mr. Urquhart has made the city's affairs his business, and worked at that business every day since his election. He has not been a figurehead for social functions, nor a horseback dandy for street parades. He has been of the people, with the people, and for the people, and the people will be with and for him when election day comes round. It will be useless for anyone to oppose him." Why shouldn't preachers and religious papers have an opinion on these live questions and come out in the open and express them?

The Canadian Associated Press is busying itself earning the \$15,000 subsidy it gets from the Dominion Government, sending out such trashy stuff as the criticisms of an Englishwoman in Canada on the complexion and general get-up of Canadian women. The Englishwoman says in effect that the women of Toronto and some of our other leading cities have sallow, pasty, blotchy complexions, as if they fed themselves on candy and other unwholesome trash. She does not like the way they fix their hair, and intimates that they become frights at about thirty. We might say with equal smartness and injustice that everyone recognizes the newly arrived English tourist of the female gender by her masculine stride, by the way she wears her dress, which looks as if it had been put on her by a pitchfork, not to mention the size of her feet, which she is loath to mention in a comfortable while perfectly oblivious of the existence of her over the civilized world, and I can "cross my heart" and solemnly declare that I think Toronto has as an average the most handsome, most wholesome, the best put up, and most neatly dressed women in the world. They do not attempt to rival Paris in picturesque fashions or to emulate England in saving all their pretty clothes for the evening, nor do they go to the bizarre extremes which are to be seen in United States cities. Their complexions are good if not so peach-like as those of women who live beside the sea, and it can be truthfully said that the Englishwoman has libelled them. Worst of all is the silly attention which was paid to the letter by the Canadian Associated Press.

Talking about women, that was a horrible showing in New York last Tuesday when Miss May Wilson Goelet was married to the Duke of Roxburghe. It is estimated that ten thousand women proceeded to the church and made a mad rush on the carriage of the bride, actuated by nothing worse than curiosity. Fifteen women were pulled out of the coal-hole near the chancel, where they had hidden to pop up and see the ceremony at the proper moment; other dames were dragged out from under the seats and expelled from dark corners of the galleries where they had hidden in the hope of getting a glance at the millionaire woman and the blue-blooded man. Carriages were blocked by the crowd, and the one which held Miss Goelet and her brother was almost torn to pieces by apparently well-dressed women who seemed to have gone crazy in their worship of cash and noble blood. After the wedding a portion of the crowd got into the church and stripped it of its decorations, which are described by an English paper as a "barbaric debauch of color, perfume and expensiveness. Everything emblematic of mere religion seems to have been obliterated under the sensuous garment of materialized wealth. It is in moments like this that the Americans surpass the civilized and barbaric world." And these are they who hate snobbery, aristocracy, and tuft-hunting, and preach that all men (and women) are "free and equal"—free to make d. f. s. of themselves and equal to any kind of barbaric vulgarity in satisfying their astounding curiosity.

An interesting contribution to the literature of trades unionism was made by President Gompers in his annual address to the American Federation of Labor, which met in Boston this week. Despite the Canadian opposition to international complications in trades union matters, the international unions in this country gained 4,686 members during the past year. Even an incomplete return from these unions shows that the membership in the United States is 700,197, while in Canada it is 19,710. The amount received

from Canadian unionists was \$86,773.57, while the amount expended for benefits for Canadian unionists was \$316,817.23, the expenditure for benefits in the Dominion being about three and a half times the amount of the contributions. What does this mean? Were there more strikes in Canada per capita of unionists than in the United States, that the income and the expenditure should be so out of proportion? This must have been the case, and it is not to be wondered at when we find that \$12,682.13 was spent for organizing in this country, with 362 officers, organizers and other representatives engaged in pulling the Canadians into line. It may be remarked that these amounts "do not include moneys received by the American Federation of Labor from the Canadian unionists or expended by it in their behalf; nor does it include the direct American Federation of Labor representatives, and leaves wholly out of consideration the majority of the international unions which have not reported." That we have had many strikes, manufacturers, builders and contractors know to their sorrow. That we have not had more, considering the number of disturbers who have been amongst us, is to be wondered at.

Mr. Gompers foresees the coming of hard times and a tendency to a decrease in the production of manufactured materials, but he counsels the unionists not to consent to either a reduction of wages or an increase in their hours of labor. He tells them "it is better to resist and lose than not to resist at all, for to complacently accept a reduction in wages is simply to invite its repetition, while it enfeebles our ability to further efforts in the same direction." In conclusion he urged that such work as can be had during the period of depression should be divided up amongst the many instead of being done by the few. Of course those who read will be

sea. Everyone knows that Germany is itching to establish herself somewhere in South America and put an end to the assistance of Chile, Argentina, Brazil and Venezuela, I have no doubt that Germany would take a hand in, and Italy might not be hard to persuade to follow suit, for those countries, next to Great Britain, have the largest stake of any of the European nations in Latin America.

The reason why the United States is so eager to see Panama independent of Colombia is not far to seek. Uncle Sam promised to pay \$40,000,000 to the French Company for their rights in the Panama Canal, and offered Colombia \$10,000,000 for her consent to the work going on and the ratification of the agreement. Colombia, having a good thing to sell, played a Yankee game and asked \$25,000,000, and not getting it, game, probably with an idea that as time elapsed and the period that the United States would have to get its consent drew to a close, the amount asked would be paid. Of course the Republic of Panama will accept the \$10,000,000 in hot haste, and probably the officials would steal at least three-quarters of it. At any rate, by having Panama independent \$15,000,000 would be saved to the United States. Nor is that all. Colombia could continually harass the United States, while Panama, which will always be a weakling, would be at the mercy of Washington, which in time, no doubt, hopes to have the entire sovereignty of the isthmus. If this is accomplished the neutrality of the canal and the unhindered passage of the ships of foreign nations could be conveniently forgotten and the waterway from ocean to ocean could be made as purely Yankee as the Erie Canal.

This method of inciting rebellions and seizing the rebels'

rency being terribly depreciated and foreigners subjected to all kinds of impositions.

When I was in Guatemala in 1897 a number of Canadians and contractors from the United States were loitering about waiting for the Government to pay for work that had been done, and through them I got acquainted with one of the Ministers, who asked me if I did not think I could get some Canadians to undertake the completion of the line. I told him I would be willing to bring the matter before some of our large contractors if he would tell me the terms. To this he agreed and brought the matter before the President, who a few days afterwards was assassinated on the street. The Minister told me that almost any terms would be agreed to, but the Government would have to have \$400,000 paid to it as an inducement to turn the line over to a private corporation. This, of course, finished the matter as far as I was concerned, for the bargain would be just as liable to be broken after the bribe was paid as if the company had received a free gift of the partly constructed road.

M. R. A. AMES at the conclusion of his examination on Wednesday is reported as making the following statement: "Mr. Wallace had since volunteered to him (Mr. Ames) that he was in ill-health when examined, and the atmosphere was such as to lead him to make answers which gave a wrong impression." This is a right good thing if you only scrutinize it. Mr. Ames is to be congratulated on having suggested a new way out of troublesome statements or admissions: Blame it on the atmosphere. The more you look at it the funnier it gets. A new court official will have to be appointed to test the atmosphere to see whether it is conducive to candor and truth-telling or not.

It would seem that the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec is not alone in its tendency to disturb marriages which for years have been thought to be legal. The London Conference of the Ontario Methodist Episcopal Church will be called upon to decide a warmly disputed question whether or not marriages performed by Rev. O. Chittick, who was ordained in the United States, was recognized by the London Conference, but his predecessor, who was until recently on the same circuit, has set up an argument that as Rev. Chittick was not actually ordained by the London Conference all marriages performed by him are illegal, and in this view he is supported by the president of the Conference, Rev. Mr. Wilson of Ridgeway. Marriages performed by any recognized minister, whether he has been ordained or not—in some denominations ministers are not ordained—are certainly legal in Ontario, and those who dispute over when or where or how a preacher is ordained are simply mischief-makers. How are a young couple desiring to get married and interested in nothing and nobody but themselves, to tell whether the officiating minister had the right amount of oil poured on his head by the proper person? Are these preachers endeavoring to make it a hundred times more difficult to understand who is a proper person to officiate at a wedding than it is for the issuer of marriage licenses to understand who are proper candidates for matrimony? Every couple who consider themselves married after doing their best to comply with the law by obtaining a marriage license and going through the ordinary ceremony should be considered a wedded pair and their children legitimate. In Canada we need a divorce law common to every province, restricted of course to the causes which are now considered sufficient to dissolve the marital union by the Senate, which is forced to try all such cases except those in provinces where it is a matter for the courts to decide. The courts should decide in every case, and no other tribunal should be appealed to in the case of disputed marriages. A Dominion law governing what is and what is not a legal marriage should also be put on the statute books, not only to prevent women being shamed and men made unhappy by such disputes, but to obviate any contests as to the legitimacy of children, which too frequently occur when property is willed to the offspring of those who may have been remiss in seeing that all marriage technicalities were looked into. It has been the whole aim of the Ontario Government to simplify the proceedings incident to the union of two hearts that beat as one, and to reduce the expense of obtaining a license to the minimum. The result has been but few disputes except in the cases of those having obtained a United States divorce marrying again. This, too, should be settled by a statute bearing directly on the numerous cases which have come before our courts.

The Ross Government must be in a bad way or the "Globe" would not speak of it "in company" in the way it did last Monday morning. It must have given the Premier up in the Park a cold chill and his colleagues something in the nature of a fit to be told by the great Liberal organ that he and his Government had better take a bath and start in afresh with a clean and businesslike Administration. Speaking of the Government the "Globe" says, "There is a mote in their own eye which must be taken out, or else clearly the way in which they themselves should walk, and the public service they are in duty bound to render." Apparently "a great many of the Liberals have slackened their efforts," and for lack of "virility and positiveness" both parties are lying becalmed on a dirty little lake of political corruption. Moreover, this candid friend tells the Government that "the secret of it all is in the discredited election methods sometimes resorted to and the activity of political parasites who make party service a means of private gain. Because of electoral corruption here and the promises of party leaders there, Ontario Liberalism has lost something of its old-time self-respect." The Liberals are warned not to let things drift, as "that is the policy of weakness and folly—and from the party point of view to drift would be the part of fools, for the reckoning day would come, a day of swift and certain judgment." This looks like a mean little reference to the Renfrew vacancy—something not hitherto even whispered about in the Grit Gath nor published in Ascalon.

"The barnacles on the ship must be treated with an iron hand," the "Globe" goes on to say. "The interests of the Liberal party are superior to those of any individual and the interests of the province are supreme over all. Half measures will not avail. Neither the Liberal party nor the province owes to any man any position or reward not earned by honest and efficient public service." This is good hard talk, very similar indeed to much that has appeared on this page for the last six or eight months. I have often contended, as does the "Globe," that Mr. Ross is the only man in sight suitable for the Premiership of the province. "And it is a far cry from Mr. Whitney back to Mr. Meredith." "In a word," the "Globe" concludes, "it is the duty of the Government to give the province a thoroughly competent, aggressive and honest business administration. If it ought to be done it can be done. It can be done, and the Liberals should do it." This is the hardest kick of all, for it signifies that in the "Globe's" opinion this sort of thing is not being done and the Liberals are not even trying to do it.

It is to be hoped that this lecture which the "Globe" has read to the Provincial Administration will have some effect. Will it? Are the barnacles so tightly fastened to the ship that they cannot be torn off without ripping such holes in its hull as will be sure to sink it? Are the self-seeking men in the Government and hanging on to it likely to be sufficiently self-sacrificing to let go and relieve the ship of their burden, which is surely sinking it? Can they be kicked overboard without pulling the captain and his few efficient helpers with them? I am quite sure that the electorate would soon clear the deck, clean the ship, and steer her on a new course if they were not afraid that Colonel Whitney and his crew would immediately take possession and make bad matters worse. Before matters get as bad as they are in New York both the Government and the Opposition forces should be re-organized, both from within and from without. The leaders and backers of neither faction have a mortgage on this province, but they are the only organizations which get into sight, and to them is left the task which should be shared by every voter. Probably it will need a new organization, not one that need be expected to survive and displace either



WATCHING FOR A POINT OF VANTAGE.

J. P. Whitney—How dare you play the part of a political free-booter, instead of fighting it out at once?
G. W. Ross—When I've got to fight with a blatherskite swashbuckler, I find wind and waiting to be the best play.

largely influenced by their own interests as to whether they approve of this sort of thing or not, but it seems to be the worst sort of economics to insist on the same wages being paid when the manufactured goods have to be reduced in price, as those paid when prices are high and a profit instead of a loss is being made by the manufacturer. Trades unionism is surely overstepping all reasonable bounds and this high-handed policy is sure to close down many manufacturing concerns and leave the families of many workmen destitute if there is a period of depression such as is anticipated. When times were good and prices were high the men demanded and almost invariably received higher wages; then does it not seem reasonable that when times are bad and prices are low wages should come down accordingly?

REV. DR. CHOWN has either met somebody who has filled him full of hot air, or some night recently he ate too much pie and had bad dreams. There is no other way to account for his belief that somebody told him that \$50,000 was expended to corrupt one constituency, and almost an equal sum to make people vote for the Government in another. Possibly very large sums, perhaps as many dollars as he talks about, have been expended, but who that knows anything about it is going to give it away to his reverence? He is the last man for Cap. Sullivan and his mates to take into their confidence, and the Government would be slow to display these figures before clerical eyes. The W.C.T.U. meeting in Ottawa have called on Dr. Chown to make good his alleged assertion—since blamed on the "cussed" reporter—that he knew of five members of that organization who were bribed to vote during an election contest in the Province of Quebec. Either Brother Chown is on altogether too familiar terms with a bad crowd, or is anxious to make the public believe he knows more about politics than the average good man is entitled to know.

An example of what in the United States passes for "diplomacy" but what in reality is nothing but the bullying of the weak or the embarrassed, is being worked out in the dealing of our neighbors with Colombia, that retrogressive South American republic of which the isthmus of Panama was a part. Months ago I called attention to what was but a rumor to the effect that the United States was fomenting, or at least encouraging, a revolution at Panama which would end in the practical seizure of the isthmus by that wily old land-grabber, Uncle Sam, who is always calling John Bull hog-hungry for new territory. Two days after the declaration of the independence of the Republic of Panama, Washington recognized the new government, and in effect warned Colombia not to land troops to subdue what was nothing more than an insurrection. Colombia has protested against the interpretation by the United States of the treaty of 1846 made with New Granada, which afterwards became the Republic of Colombia. It is almost needless to say that protests will amount to nothing; the talons of the eagle are already fastened on the throat of Panama, and Colombia, whether it goes to war or not, will probably never regain an acre of the land which by this puny revolution has been lost. The voracity of the United States, however, in this instance is so glaring, the haste with which the Republic of Panama has been recognized so inexcusable, so thoroughly outside of that vague code known as international morals, that all the republics of South America may be frightened into an alliance with one another, and perhaps with one if not more than one European nation, to resist the politically indecent incursions of the "Bird of Freedom." Colombia, it is said, has already asked Germany to come to her assistance, and has promised her territory lying south of Panama and stretching from sea to

country is not new to our justice-loving neighbors. Texas belonged to Mexico, but it was invaded by a company of filibusters who set up the government of the Lone Star State, which the United States promptly recognized, and with much bloodshed drove the Mexican across the Rio Grande. The same fate befell California, which also belonged to Mexico. Another filibustering party invaded it, kicked up a row, Uncle Sam flew to the rescue of the filibusters and annexed that whole territory west of the Rocky Mountains and south-east as far as Texas. So it was with Hawaii. It is an old, old game, and the national morals of this great land pirate seem not to improve with age or its land hunger to decrease, though the Filipino war has shown that its stomach is already overloaded.

France, too, has recognized the Panama Republic and afforded the world another example of how self-interest is permitted to override international decorum and even decency. If Colombia were to retain the territory through which the Panama Canal has been partially constructed and refuse to send to the transfer of the Nicaragua route and the whole territory west of the Rocky Mountains and south-east as far as Texas. So it was with Hawaii. It is an old, old game, and the national morals of this great land pirate seem not to improve with age or its land hunger to decrease, though the Filipino war has shown that its stomach is already overloaded.

The revolution in Panama has aroused a passing interest in Central America. The fact that Sir William Van Horne and some New York and New Orleans capitalists interested in the United States Fruit Company are reported as interested in a big railroad deal in Guatemala, will probably lead some people who have a very vague idea of the extent and richness of the land lying between North and South America, to spend a moment in reading about that turbulent region. Years ago an attempt was made to build a trans-isthmian railroad through the Republic of Guatemala. The section from San Jose on the Pacific coast to Guatemala, the capital of the republic, was completed, and I remember a ride over the line, which is some seventy-three miles long, as being the hottest, slowest and dustiest trip I ever made. For much of the distance the line runs through luxuriant underbrush which effectively keeps any straggling breeze from reaching the passengers, but the road does a good business and is a very important element in the fortunes of the republic. The line was also begun on the east side, where a river empties into the Gulf of Mexico, south of British Honduras. From a point at the head of navigation—Puerto Barrios—it has been constructed, or rather partially constructed, into the mountain regions. If I remember right, there is a gap of some sixty miles to be filled in before it reaches Guatemala City. It is a Government road, and more than once money enough has been borrowed to complete it, but more of the funds have been stolen by the officials than invested in construction. When completed the line will be a little over two hundred miles in length, if my memory serves me right, but I have no idea that it will ever be able to compete with either the railroad or the canal at Panama. Guatemala is enormously rich in coffee and fruits—bananas growing most luxuriantly—but it is almost invariably in a state of insurrection or being terrorized by a dictator. Commercially it is largely controlled by Hebrews from California, and nothing could be rotteness than its financial condition. While it may not take a very large amount to complete the construction, it seems to me a very unsafe place to invest money, the cur-

of the others, but one with sufficient purity of purpose and energy to jolt these poor old governmental carts out of the ruts in which they have been traveling, and lift Ontario out of the political mire into which it is obviously sinking.

TALKING about Ontario politics reminds one of the sulphurous open letter addressed by Opposition Leader Whitney to Premier Ross and dated at Morrisburg, November 6th. It refers to the long protracted vacancy in North Renfrew, and for the first five brief paragraphs it is worded in a strong and direct style which bears with painful directness on the thoroughly inexcusable policy of leaving a constituency so long unrepresented for fear that the representative may be opposed to the Government. No one ever knew Mr. Whitney to quit when he was through or to fail to damage his statements by violent language. How like the words of an enraged schoolboy he begins his next taunt, "How dare you!" As a practical politician he knows that other practical politicians almost invariably "dare" do anything which suits their purpose, even if it is to disfranchise a constituency for nearly a year and a half. His parting shot is also done up in the style of rhetoric of which he seems so fond: "You may have the right to desire the reputation of a political freebooter, but you have no right, or shadow of right, to acquire it by the humiliation of the people either of North Renfrew or of the province at large." The cartoonist seems to have caught it right when he pictures the political freebooter and the political swashbuckler fighting a duel at long range.

LAWSUITS are unhappy things, but when the litigants are churches a bad example seems to be set which affords opportunity for the ungodly to sneer. A dying Free Churchman of St. Thomas, Ont., left \$500 to be paid "to the Free Church of Scotland in Tarbert, his native place." He was probably unaware that there were two Free Churches there, one Presbyterian, and the other Congregational, the latter being the offshoot of the other. Both churches claimed the legacy, and went to law, and it now appears that the costs considerably exceed the amount of the legacy, and this being the case, both are willing to quit if the other will pay the shot. Chancellor Boyd, however, refused to consider any motion for such a settlement and the issue will have to be fought out on the question of costs. The folly of such prolonged litigation is as great as that of the chronic fence difficulty, where the contestants both lose their farms trying to secure an extra couple of inches of land. If the harm done was only to the two church organizations in question it would be bad enough, but when such bitter disputes arise between those who have met at the same communion table and are supposed to belong to the elect, the unsanctified who hear of them are apt to turn back from church doors and are frightened away from religious exercises.

M. R. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., a son of the Standard Oil multi-millionaire, has been much advertised not only as a successful young business man, but as an earnest teacher of a Bible class. Some what of a sensation was created on a recent Sunday by some of his too logical and perhaps irreverent pupils. "I believe," the wealthy young leader had said, "that a man can be a good Christian and a successful business man." "But how about the man in Wall street?" asked a pupil. "When by forcing the market down he ruins the small holder he cannot be a good Christian. He injures others for his own selfish motives and is directly opposed to the teachings of Christ." Other members of the class agreed in, according to the report of a New York paper, and gave the young millionaire something to ask his father about. The New York "World," commenting upon the incident, expresses the belief that a larger percentage of banking and broking representatives than of other trades or professions are the real "pillars of the church" and enquires, "Are not these gentlemen Christians? When the Church calls for money who is it that writes the cheque which tides over the prospective deficit? Is it not the senior member of the house which financed the Amalgamated Coal Corporation unlimited and received a \$5,000,000 stock bonus for underwriting its bonds? Who gives the millions that make East Side missions possible? The be sure, some of these consecrated funds have come from the reduction of wages in factories, the dismantling of mills whereby thousands of employees have been thrown out of work, or by reductions of force on the railroads which the magnate controls. The gift out of which the church's home for the elderly and the infirm was erected may be directly traceable to a corner in cotton or to the manipulation of steel stocks whereby thousands of small investors have had their home comforts cut off. But what then? If there is a fly in the ointment of religious union is the critic to see only the fly and ask irrelevant questions?"

But even the Sunday school boys are asking these irrelevant questions and they are growing up with a belief that the churches are mostly mere annexes and dependencies of the rich man's bank, brokerage house, factory or transportation concern. If even the young can see the weakness of a church being supported by money no matter how obtained, what must the older folks be thinking about? If a man or a woman is money no matter how, without regard to right or wrong, or the suffering which may be the portion of thousands, he or she is held in contempt even by the worldly. Can a church which becomes the beneficiary of money obtained in a similar way hope to escape the same fate? It would seem something like the devil standing at the font and sprinkling holy water on the affrighted passerby.

A PARIS despatch states with convincing clearness the practical effect of Premier Combes' courageous course in breaking up the reactionary and unrepentant congregational schools in France. The Paris schools were recently opened to receive the largest registration of children in their history. In spite of the expected overcrowding, accommodations have proved sufficient, which is a great disappointment to the opponents of the ministry, who wanted to present a pathetic picture of little children wandering, without education, in the streets, deprived of their birthright by an irreligious government. Throughout France 1,600,000 additional children have been enrolled in the Public schools in consequence of the famous congregations law. The school administration calculates that this influx of children will cost an additional \$0,000,000 francs—between fifteen and sixteen millions of dollars. Looking at the expenditure of such a large amount of public money in a country so tax-ridden as France, we can better appreciate how much Premier Combes risked; he not only had to fight the religious orders and all their devout adherents, but to take long chances on convincing the overburdened taxpayers that the measure was necessary to the safety of the republic. Taken altogether, the policy of the Premier of France as pursued in that Catholic country is in startling contrast to the course adopted in Protestant Ontario, where there is less than seventeen per cent. of the population—men, women and children—who can be said to desire separate Roman Catholic schools. Probably more than half of the school children of this seventeen per cent. cannot or do not avail themselves of such schools; and if an uninfluenced candid opinion could be expressed by the vast majority of those who do use them, a preference would doubtless be expressed for the Public schools and for the intermingling of all the denominations that creed prejudices might be forgotten in youth to such an extent that they could not be aroused in later life, to the great disturbance of our politics and our government.

A WOMAN is a candidate for parliament in Australia, and those who have examined the law with regard to whether the gentler sex can be admitted as a member of a legislative body find there is nothing to prevent her from qualifying for the office if elected. A delegation of women waited on Premier Seddon of New Zealand, asking that a similar privilege be given to the fair sex of that island colony, but the bluff Premier did not conceal his antipathy to the idea and practically told them to go home and attend to their domestic duties. He argued that they were the weaker sex and too emotional to occupy any judicial position such as has to be assumed in law-making as well as in executing the laws. He expressed his personal opinion that women were more lovable because they were emotional and because most dependent upon the stronger sex. For his own part, he liked a thoroughly feminine woman who devoted herself to her family rather than to an endeavor to get a hand in public business. In all of which I quite agree with the Premier of New Zealand.

The following letter from a business man who signs himself "Canadian," was received some time ago, and deserves attention, as it certainly seems to point out an inconsistency which should no longer be permitted to exist. There is no easier way to protect Canada from a drain into other countries of over three millions and a half per annum than to follow the suggestion of "Canadian."

"Protection and preferential tariff seem to be about the most discussed topics in commercial circles and the press of

to-day, but the mercantile community seem to forget another important Canadian enterprise, that of insurance, and while the "Made in Canada" cry is being accentuated so far as their own line is concerned, their duty to patronize Canadian insurance companies in preference to foreign is apparently largely lost sight of.

"According to the report of the Dominion Superintendent of Insurance for the year 1902, the income of foreign accident and life insurance companies from business in Canada was, during that year, \$9,835,967; the total amount expended in Canada for claims, salaries, etc., was \$6,318,948, showing that Canadians contributed a net amount of \$3,516,719 to swell the treasuries of foreign life and accident insurance companies.

"It is recognized that our Canadian companies, both accident and life, are well organized, are conducting their business on plans as good, in many cases better, than these foreign corporations, and therefore are in a position to handle all the business with results equally as good as can be given by any of their foreign competitors. This being the case, is it not time that Canadians in placing their insurance, whether life or accident, should insist that it be placed with Canadian companies?"

"A peculiar condition of affairs presents itself in the fact that the commercial travelers of Canada, who are the direct representatives of the manufacturing interests of the Dominion, are the worst sinners in this regard, that in the head office of most, if not all, of the commercial travelers' associations is some one acting as agent for some foreign accident corporation, and if the commercial travelers will take the trouble to examine their accident policies (those not issued by the Travelers' Mutual Benefit Associations), most of them will find that their policies are issued by companies not Canadian. Further statements would seem almost unnecessary, the duty of every insuring Canadian is self-evident."

I have had some experience with United States insurance companies and it has been such as to make me look with distrust upon institutions which have no interest in a country except to obtain premiums and to escape paying claims when possible. If we are going in for everything Canadian, why should the life insurance companies of this country be overlooked in our patriotic zeal? The point is not a new one, but it is one that has too often escaped attention.

The New Stenographer

I have a new stenographer—she came to work to-day. She told me that she wrote the latest system. Two hundred words a minute seemed to her, she said, like play. And word for word at that—she never missed 'em! I gave her some dictation—a letter to a man—And this, as I remember it, was how the letter ran:

"Dear Sir,—I have your favor, and in reply would state that I accept the offer in yours of recent date. I wish to say, however, that under no condition can I afford to think of your free lance proposition. I shall begin to-morrow to turn the matter out. The copy will be ready by August 10th, about. Material of this nature should not be rushed unduly. Thanking you for your favor, I am, yours, very truly."

She took it down in shorthand with apparent ease and grace; She didn't call me back all in flurry. Thought I, "At last I have a girl worth keeping 'round the place."

Then said, "Now write it out—you needn't hurry." The typewriter she tackled—now and then she struck a key. And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me:

"Dear sir, I have the fever, and in a pile I sit. And I expect the offer as you have reasoned it. I wish to see however that under any condition can I for to think of a free lunch proposition. I shall be in tomorrow To, turn the matter out. The cap will be red and Will cost, \$10, about. Material of this nation should not rust N. Dooley. Thinking you have the fever, I am Yours very Truly."

—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

Idealizing and Spiritualizing Washing

BORN and bred in a New England village where most families had to "do their own work," and being besides a tender-hearted boy of perhaps morbidly acute sympathies, a gloomy pall had hung over all my early years through what shall I say? Some may affect to smile at so trivial a cause, but I never. Neither more nor less was it than the inexorably weekly boomerang return of that more than Draconian domestic institution, the stated Monday household wash. From my tenderest years, I was forced to see that in all families of limited means, and, consequently, of limited elbow, patience, and sweetness power, this dire visitation fell now and then short of the kind of high-wrought tragedy. "Ah, the pity of it, the pity of it!" I would cry as I looked on at some poor, despairing woman relieved, like a lone Egyptian fellow in the desert, against a Gizeh pyramid of soiled clothes. Graduating later on from college and then going abroad for a couple of years, no siren song of Italian art or Alpine scenery ever exerted spell seductive enough to beguile me of my sense of the forlorn and even tragic conditions under which the stern ordeal of washing is carried on in my native land; till, like Milton in his youthful pilgrimage in Italy, I felt I could never be justifying in traveling with an easy conscience, with my feet out all the while what the seamen call a "weather-eye" round the horizon for any sign bright with promise of bettering this unhappy state of things at home. For long, however, no rainbow arc of cheer visited my despondent mind until, on being suddenly ordered by my doctor out of the heat and malaria of lower Italy, I was despatched by him for recuperation to a little mountain hamlet, lying some 3,500 feet above sea-level on the Italian slope of the Alps.

It was after nightfall when, at the end of my wearisome journey and mortally tired with the last three hours' climb up the mountain side, I reached my destination, with no other thought but of a hearty supper and tumbling in contentedly into bed. Of all that was in blessed store for me with returning day I no more dreamed than slumbering Adam when, in the silent watches of the night, his spare rib was deftly removed, and he awoke next morning to find in its stead by his side smiling, rosy Eve.

Shortly after daybreak, the first sound to awaken me was that of peals of hilarious laughter. The voices were unmistakably women's voices; and piqued with curiosity to get at the cause of so much merriment, I jumped like lightning into my clothes and sallied out of the inn. It was, I was sure, something at least as good as Punch and Judy. Not a Millennium bath it—it was nothing more nor less than plain, average, once-a-week village washing-day; and there was I, alive, and in the actual flesh, to witness the exhilarating sight.

Into a great stone tank in the center of the little public square—a tank 30 feet by 10—a stream of crystal-clear mountain water was pouring in continuous flood, while all around the brink, their skirts tucked up and their powerful arms bared to the shoulders, stood the women, old and young. "Arma, virgineque ceno" never shot thrill of inspiration into Virgil as now "Arma and these women" into me. For what what arm! "Vae victis!" was, woe to seams and buttons! Never a trace there of moping melancholy! Never a look of frantic despair at the mountain pile of clothes one lone, unaided creature had got to cope with; but, in their stead, the glee and corporate courage born of numbers and of the martial touch of shoulder to shoulder.

Simply to stand by and look on was as good as a play. Already, elbows and knuckles were in lively action; sprays of water leaping high into the air, and rainbow bubbles dancing merrily on the surface. Already had a lively topic got started for common talk. It was the recent festival down in Promontorio, or the latest engagement in the hamlet, or the village pastor's last Sunday sermon, and now in a trice was it clear what vigorous dramatic eloquence the fine inspiration of washing imparts to the too often dead-level prose of human speech.

Here, for example, towered an Amazon who—just at the height of the crisis when she was rubbing the soap into an especially dirty spot in the shirt she had in hand—had taken exception to something she by no means subscribed to in the pastor's last Sunday discourse. How magnificent the vim with which she applied the caustic bar of soap and soap and criticism, and then rubbed and rubbed as though it were not a shirt, but the very manuscript itself, and, in it, the obnoxious doctrine in blackest ink, on which she was concentrating her fellest energies. Then, lo! as in the very nick of simultaneous time she had annihilated alike the spot of dirt and the invidious doctrine, how superb her attitude as she heaved on high and flung wide to the breeze the now stainless

garment, while all gazed on in breathless admiration. Rachel or Bernhardt would have been inspired with a life-enduring lesson for the grand climacterics of Phedre or L'Aiglon; yes, and have humbly confessed that, in their early dramatic education, a single year spent at the brink of this native fountain of art and eloquence would have outweighed three in the traditional Conservatoire of Paris.

Next a rival sibyl focussed the eyes of all, as she stood wringing with muscular arms, suggestive of Laocoon wrestling with the serpents' coils, a huge crash-linen sheet. Sheet? The sheet was the merest symbol. It was the last refuge of lies she was wringing out of some bad character in the neighborhood, or out of some perilous tendency to levity or flirting or ribbons she was deprecating in the young. "Here! here!" I cried in transport, "is that larger influx of soul I have all my life been battling for as sole salvation of washing-day?"

Seriously, was not the sight of so delightful a transformation of a dull, mechanical operation into a school of lively, neighborly gossip, play of humor and critical comment, morals and sacred eloquence, with its star performers and rarely appreciative auditory, something worthy the name of idealizing and spiritualizing washing? Not that there is not in our own land plenty of transcendently high-flying talk about art as the solace, cheer, and inspiration of else prosaic human life. But it dilates with enthusiasm only over Venuses of Milo and Venuses de Medici, while it affects to curl its aesthetic lip in scorn over charming village Tanagra figurines—totally unmindful of the patent fact that all and more than the Olympic games were to Phidias and Praxiteles, such might the transfigured washtub become to our own actors, painters, sculptors, and poets, along with their appreciative admirers. —Contributors' Club."

The Biggest Newspaper Sensation.

THE New York "Herald" once succeeded in a very praiseworthy undertaking at the expense of universal condemnation. The editor of the "Herald" was devoted to the open air, and walked a great deal in Central Park. His steps one day led him to the animal house, in that section of the pleasure grounds known as the "Zoo." It was the feeding hour, and the lions and tigers were in a condition of high excitement, were plunging about their cages and throwing themselves violently against the iron bars. The cages were old, and in many places the iron work had become separated from the rotten floors. The escape of the animals at any time was quite possible!

At the editorial council that afternoon a member of the staff was directed to call attention to the dangerous condition of the animal cages in Central Park, and to urge their prompt repair. The Commissioners did not heed the warning. Again and again did the "Herald" point out the danger. Like a great many other people, the park authorities probably overlooked the editorial matter in the daily newspapers. The managing editor could not consent that his chief should be balked in the attainment of a desired end. Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke received the assignment, "Make the Commissioners fix those cages!"

The famous "Wild Animal Hoax" was the result. It was a page article, devoted to a description of an escape of all the lions and tigers in the "Zoo." The scenes and incidents following such a calamity were minutely described, and the condition of terror likely to affect every household in the metropolis was graphically depicted. No such hazardous method of arousing public indignation ever was conceived; none was ever so thoroughly effective!

The "Herald" had the town by the ears. In a few hours policemen were patrolling the uptown streets with revolvers in their hands. Citizens were seen with muskets and cutlasses hurrying toward the public and private schools in search of their children.

Desperate as was the means employed, the intended good was accomplished. Early in the same afternoon, carpenters and blacksmiths were at work repairing the animal cages, and their absolute security has been maintained ever since.

Rival newspapers heaped abuse upon the editor of the "Herald." The "Tribune" was particularly violent, and printed many columns of matter alleging that permanent injury to health had befallen many people because of the publication of the article. Nearly all that was said by the censors was quite as imaginative and as injurious to public taste as the original scare.

The "Herald" never assigned an explanation. A brief news paragraph announced the repair of the animal cages and the performance of a duty by the Park Commissioners that had been brought to their notice by the "Herald."

Madame Adelina Patti.

ALTHOUGH the principal facts in the life and career of Madame Patti are fairly well known, it is well, on account of her coming visit, to recapitulate the more important incidents in her operatic career.

Adelina Patti was born in 1843 in Madrid and of Italian parents who were opera singers and from whom the later diva first acquired her predilection for the stage. When she was barely three weeks old her parents started for Italy, placed their two eldest daughters at a school in Milan, and, with Adelina, set their faces for the New World with the hope of bettering their fortunes in promised lands across the sea. The girl's early life was spent in New York. But opera there in those days was not a financial success, and things went from bad to worse in the home of the little family of expatriates. At this time Adelina's voice began to develop, attracted among the friends of the family, and when an opportunity arose for her to sing at Niblo's Theater her parents gave their consent. Her concert debut was thus made in New York eleven years before she was to appear in grand opera. Her success at this appearance, where she sang selections from "La Sonnambula" and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," was pronounced. A concert tour for her was decided upon and months of travel ensued. Tour after tour followed. It was even planned to send her to Italy to go into grand opera there. Her earnings, of course, helped her family, and they were able to build a house in New York. Their days of poverty were over.

But these proved trying to the young singer's voice, and at one time she was almost on the point of breaking down. Happily at this decisive moment her brother-in-law, Max Strakosch, prevailed upon her parents the necessity of a long rest for their daughter. They acquiesced, and for a space of two years Adelina was not allowed to sing. This happy decision undoubtedly saved her voice, which had already begun to show the effects of the constant demands made upon it.

Madame Patti's debut as a singer in grand opera was made in New York in 1859 at the Academy of Music. She appeared in Lucia di Lammermoor. The success of the occasion was pronounced—a success that was duplicated two years later in London in "Sonnambula." Her career was now firmly established and the following years saw her at the zenith of her fame. Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and all the great Continental cities were soon loud in their praises. It is interesting to note that the vehicle of her efforts was Italian and French music. Although a sincere admirer of Wagner, she has refused to sing his operas. She considers him a composer who had small consideration for the human voice, and one who pursued his ideals in pure defiance of vocal possibilities. A pure melodist, she was more in sympathy with Italian music. She has, however, occasionally sung selections from Wagner in her concerts.

Madame Patti has been married three times—to the Marquis de Caux, to Signor Ernesto Nicolini and to Baron Rolf Cedestrom. In private life she is the Baroness Cedestrom to-day. For some years she has severed connections with the operatic stage and has lived in retirement at her castle, Craig-y-Nos, in Wales. She has, however, appeared in concerts for the sake of charity. For some years, also, she has been accustomed to give an annual concert in London.

Madame Patti has been nearly fifty years before the public with only short intervals of leisure. Self-command and devotion to her art have been characteristic of her. Coming to this country, where she made her first success, she will awaken old memories and carry away the impression of a cordial and unanimous welcome.

Facts as to Cremation.

Cremation statistics for 1902 show that the United States stands next to France among the nations in the number of cremations performed. The figures are: United States, 3,158; Germany, 856; England, 452; Italy, 322; France, 4,805; Switzerland, 217; Sweden, 68; and Denmark, 44—total, 9,920. The large number credited to France is partly due to the fact that cremations in that country are made usually without charge.

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Friday, December 4th, is the date chosen for the annual conversation of Victoria University. The following ladies will act as patronesses: Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. James Loudon, Mrs. N. Burwash, Mrs. A. H. Reynar, Mrs. A. Carman, Mrs. George A. Cox, Mrs. H. H. Fudger, Mrs. H. A. Massey, Mrs. E. R. Wood, Mrs. B. M. Britton.

The following guests have recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines: Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Miss F. McGillivray, Mrs. John T. Kent, Miss Oliver, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Miss Eileen Jernyn, Miss Marion Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Lighthourne and child, Miss Bilton, Miss Lumley, Miss Maggie Cathart, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Alberger, of Buffalo; Mrs. Walter Thomson, Miss Mabel V. Thomson, of Mitchell; Mrs. H. Sheppy, Mrs. J. A. Calvert, of Youngstown, N.Y.; Dr. and Mrs. Hunter Robb, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. William H. Collins, New York; Archdeacon Madden, Liverpool; Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Long, Sarnia; Mrs. Alfred Morgan, Rev. S. Daw and son, Hamilton; Mrs. J. F. Beck, London; Mrs. G. A. White, Trenton; Mr. F. Stephen, Miss Leslie, Montreal; Mrs. Lawder, Niagara-on-the-Lake; Sir Algernon Coote, Lady Coote and maid, of Queen's County, Ireland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes Meighan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Meighan of Mamaroneck, N.Y., to Mr. Alan Rutherford McMichael of New York, formerly of Toronto.

Miss Margaret Huston, a very well-known soprano who has been abroad for several years, is now in New York preparing for her debut in Canada. She returns to Toronto towards the end of the month, and will give her first concert in Canada at Massey Hall on November 26th. A large number of our smart people are actively interesting themselves in furthering the success of the concert.

Mrs. John F. Ellis has returned after three months' absence at the Welland, St. Catharines, much improved in health. She will not receive until the New Year, as the alterations to her home are not completed.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Edgar Wellington are spending a month or more in Atlantic City.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eva Edgar, daughter of the late Dr. James Edgar, and sister of Mrs. Cleaver, to Rev. G. Sherlock Faircloth, B.A., B.D., assistant pastor of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church.

Mrs. Le Grande Reed is studying in London with Sir George Powers, having finished with Madame Marchesi. I understand Mrs. Reed has had an offer for grand opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick McGaw of Rosedale have gone to Chicago for a two or three weeks' visit.

In spite of the entrancing interests of golf, which have so strongly appealed to a large contingent of our smartest people during the past fortnight, there have been quite the usual number of luncheons, dinners and teas which have graced the first half of November in former years. On last Saturday Sheriff and Miss Widdifield received a tremendous lot of guests at a huge afternoon tea, where a very jolly assemblage of friends enjoyed a pleasant hour. Miss Widdifield, who wore a very delicate and dainty gown of ivory silk with pretty lace trimmings, presented her graceful young niece, Miss Evelyn Collins of St. Catharines, to her guests. Miss Collins also wore white, a girlish and airy little dress of point d'esprit with narrow ribbon trimmings. The genial Sheriff echoed the hearty welcome of the hostess, and the visitors made the circuit of the connecting rooms to the dining-room, where a glowing tea-table, centered by a tall vase of pink 'mums set in a bed of smilax bordered with white 'mums and lighted with pink and silver candles, was waited upon by a quartette of sweet young girls, Miss Florence Ross, Miss Frances Lister, Miss Viola Fleury and Miss Ethel Ashworth. The number of clever and interesting persons at this tea made it remarkably bright and enjoyable, several well-known writers being among the guests, and men turning up in scores.

Mr. Dickson Patterson returned on Monday from a visit to New York and Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham removed some months ago from New York, where Mr. Grantham had built up a fine business, to Toronto. Mrs. Grantham's former home, where, as Miss Gertrude Mackenzie, she was one of the sweetest debutantes of the year. She and her sister, Mrs. Scott Griffin, came out together, as the younger sisters, Bertha and Ethel, did some years later, and as perhaps the last pair of daughters of Mr. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Kate and Grace, may do in seasons to come. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham have taken a house in Crescent road.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Matthews arrived in town early in the week and are at Craigleigh with Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Matthews was greeted by many friends who called to welcome her back to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie went down to New York last week to meet Mr. Mackenzie and the Misses Mackenzie on their return from abroad. The family party returned to Toronto on Sunday morning.

The Charity Ball, which an energetic committee of ladies are pushing on to success, takes place next Thursday week in McConkey's ball-room, at nine o'clock. The patronesses of this sure to be popular dance are Mrs. William Mortimer Clark, Lady Mulock, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Peilatt, Mrs. Cattanch, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Barwick, and Mrs. Stowe of 463 Spadina avenue, the treasurer.

The marriage of Rev. John Bushell and Miss Mary Elizabeth Shannon, daughter of Mrs. Shannon of Wellington street, Brantford, took place in Grace Church, Brantford, on Thursday afternoon at half-past two. A reception at the home of the bride's mother followed the ceremony. Some Toronto guests went up for this wedding, among them being Mr. Arthur Somerville of Atherley.

Miss Marler of Montreal has been the guest of Mrs. Gordon Osler (nee Ramsay of Montreal) during the golf tourney. On several pleasant occasions Miss Marler has been entertained by friends of her hostess and herself during her stay in Toronto.

Mrs. Barwick was hostess of a luncheon to Miss Rhona Adair at the Hunt Club on Wednesday before the afternoon game. On all sides one hears words of praise of the young Irishwoman, who is just completing a decade of devotion to the game, she having, as she says, taken it up "seriously" about ten years ago.

Mrs. Harry Bourlier held her post-nuptial reception on Monday afternoon and evening at 102 Wellesley street, and an immense number of callers came to wish the young matron much happiness. Very sweet and pretty she looked in a soft shimmering cream gown much inserted with lace, and with no trace of her late slight illness about her. Her sisters and little Miss Dorothy Goulding (whose elder brother was quite a gallant all the afternoon), waited upon the guests in the tea-room, where a table brilliant with deep red Liberty roses was covered with dainties. Mrs. Bourlier will certainly be as popular in her new life as she was in her girlhood, which is all any reasonable person could desire.

Mrs. S. G. Beatty's two teas, at which it was optional to attend either on the first or second day, quite vindicated the wisdom of such an arrangement, as the guests divided up as nicely as though the most consummate skill had made the division. On Monday so fair a day tempted a great many out and ladies from all quarters of the city came after making

their Monday calls to spend half an hour at this very pleasant tea. Mrs. Beatty received in a pale grey crepe de soie with heavy white applique, and the debutante, who is a very pretty girl, stood on her left in a white frock with guimpe of laced satin ribbons fastened with pearls. Miss Norton has much grace of manner and bearing, and though a blonde, resembles her mother a good deal. She has "finished" abroad and only returned quite recently to Toronto. The refreshment table was set in the dining-room and was the ideal debutante's table, all white and delicate green, and pretty soft lights and flowers. The color scheme was beautifully carried out in the ices and bon-bons. The guests were waited upon on Monday by Miss Winnie Eastwood, Miss Del Sylvester, Miss Norah Fudger, Miss Hannah McClure, Miss Aimee Falconbridge and Miss Beatrice Pearson. On Tuesday half a dozen other young friends of Mrs. Beatty looked after what was jokingly called "the second contingent."

Mrs. A. D. Crooks (nee Ellis) received at her parents' home, 74 St. Alban's street, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons.

The King's Birthday was observed officially (so to speak) in Toronto: a Royal salute at noon was fired by the gunners of the Toronto battery; a dinner was given by His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, and flags floated from all parts of the city. Apart from this there was a monster concert in Massey Hall under the auspices of the three national societies, St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick joining forces on the happy night, and M. Henri Bourassa lectured most opportunely in Association Hall on the loyalty of French-Canadians, a subject of which the lively Bourassa ought to be an expert exponent. The invited guests for dinner of His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark were the Premier and Miss Ross, the Attorney-General and Mrs. J. M. Gibson, the Minister of Education and Mrs. Harcourt, the Minister of Crown Lands and Mrs. Davis, the Provincial Secretary and Mrs. J. R. Stratton, the Minister of Public Works and Mrs. F. R. Latchford, the Minister of Agriculture and Mrs. John Dryden, the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly and Mrs. Charlton, the Chancellor of Ontario and Lady Boyd, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Lady Meredith, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, His Worship the Mayor of Toronto and Mrs. Urquhart, the Postmaster-General and Lady Mulock, the Member for Center Toronto and Mrs. W. R. Brock, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mr. Justice Osler, Colonel and Mrs. Pallat, the Hon. Adam Brown of Hamilton, Miss Macdonald, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, the Hon. George A. and Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, the president of the University of Toronto and Mrs. Loudon, Colonel and Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Arthurs, Mr. Donald McKay.

Miss Lorna Gibbons, who has been in town for the Lambton Golf Club's invitation tournament, left for London on Monday.

Mrs. S. F. McKinnon has sent out cards for an afternoon tea this afternoon, at which her nephew, Mr. Wetherald, will receive with her, and be presented to her friends. Mr. and Mrs. Wetherald will, I believe, make their home in Parkdale.

Mrs. Reynolds' charming house in Rosedale is at last being put in order for the occupancy of its mistress, who has had a great deal of patience to exercise with the usual delays in building operations. Mrs. Reynolds will have a lovely young debutante to grace her new home in the person of her daughter, Miss Ruby Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. Haydn Horsey took possession of their home in Isabella street a few days since, and Mrs. Horsey will receive on Monday, November 23rd. After her post-nuptial reception she will be at home on Mondays during the season.

Mrs. Frederick Wyld gave a large tea last Friday at Dundas to her lady friends, and in spite of the attractions of golf, which have depleted the city of its smart women for the entire week, a good many stole back, rosy and tired, in time to put in an appearance at the tea. The hostess was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, in receiving and looking after the guests, and in the tea-room by her bonnie golden-haired granddaughters and a couple of their girl friends. A great many ladies attended this tea, which was the only one of any proportions taking place on that day, although five or six "little ones" were in train with much accompaniment of fun in other quarters. Mrs. Wyld wore black with some fine old lace and Mrs. Macdonald one of the prettiest imaginable dresses of soft clinging white chiffon and silk cunningly trimmed with all the fads of insertions and appliques in delicate lace. Among the guests were Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Lady Thompson, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. and the Misses McLean Howard, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Gooderham of Maplecroft, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mrs. Harry Wyatt and her handsome sister, Miss Begge, who has come from Scotland to spend the winter in Canada; Mrs. Andrew Darling, Mrs. Egerton Ryerson, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mrs. Campbell Reaves and Miss Macdonald, Mrs. H. Greene, Mrs. Cowan, and Miss Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. Dwight, Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mrs. George Reid, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. McMurich, Mrs. McLeod, the Misses Homer Dixon, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Clarence Denison, and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart are with Mr. and Mrs. Willie Douglas on a visit. Mrs. Henri Suydam is visiting in Toledo.

A golfers' dance was given at the Lambton Club house on Friday in honor of the champion, Miss Rhona Adair, and her attractive sister and companion de voyage, the two girls being equally the recipients of attention and admiration, and showing plainly how much they appreciated the enthusiasm and interest that each in her own way has evoked.

On Wednesday next there will be a couple of concerts, matinee and evening, under the auspices of the young people's societies of St. Simon's Church, held in the school-room of the church. The programmes have been provided by ladies kindly interested in the venture, the evening one being under the direction of Mrs. Harry Osborne, who is so generous in giving time and care to many such affairs for such good objects. After the matinee tea will be provided for the guests, and in the evening light refreshments will be served, these included with the price of admission. Miss Mae Dickinson, Mrs. Franklin Dawson, Miss Maud Cowan and others have promised to assist in making up the programmes. The school-room will be prettily decorated and the energies of the societies devoted to making the affair a success.

Contrition and Reparatation.

OCTOBER 27th was the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the burning at the stake of Michael Servetus, the Spaniard, in the city of Geneva, Switzerland. John Calvin might have prevented it. He not only did not; he approved of the act as punishment for heresy. The Reformation history has no more grievous blunder by Protestants to record; no worse crime. But the world has moved on since 1553, and now men say, as President Eliot of Harvard has said, that "toleration in religion is absolutely the best fruit of all the struggles, labors, sorrows of the civilized nations during the last four centuries."

Savonarola, exiled from Florence, is now seen to have been that city's greatest prophet, and the fact is recognized with-ly by the city. Cromwell, long hated by the upper classes of England and Ireland, now has his statue outside the Houses of Parliament. William Lloyd Garrison, hounded through the streets of Boston by a mob, now is immortalized in a bronze statue on the most beautiful and exclusive street of the city. Jonathan Edwards, driven forth from Northampton because his spiritual and ethical ideas conflicted with those of the townspeople, is now admitted to have been the town's greatest resident, and he has a church named after him, and his effigy in bronze is on the walls of the church from which he was driven forth. So with Servetus. Burned at the stake a heretic, to-day he has been given his true place by the citizens of Geneva, pious descendants of the old Calvinists, who have erected a monument as near as possible to the point at which he was burned. It bears an inscription telling that, "Reverent and grateful sons of Calvin, Our Great Reformer, but condemning an error which was that of the age, and steadfastly adhering to liberty of conscience according to the true principles of the Reformation and of the Gospel, we have erected this Expiatory monument, on the 27th October, 1903."

Precisely such an act as these Swiss and French adherents of the reformed faith have performed has never before



OSTEOPATHY

Is a scientific method of treating all forms of disease. It is based on an accurate knowledge of anatomy and physiology. To acquire this knowledge the regularly accredited practitioner must spend from twenty-four to thirty months (three to four years) in actual attendance at college (lectures, clinics and dissection).

Kindly do not confound Osteopathy with massage, Swedish movement or mental healing of any kind. We have nothing to say against these, in fact much may be said in their favor, but they are not Osteopathy and have nothing in common except a desire to give relief in case of disease.

THE KEYNOTE OF OSTEOPATHY IS ADJUSTMENT.

N.B.—Before beginning treatment be sure that the Osteopath is a regular graduate. There are some practicing in this city who are not thus qualified.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON, D.O.

48 Canada Life Building, Toronto, Canada.

PHONE—MAIN 3642

been done. It is deeply significant of the age in which we live. It is a token of the day which is coming when equal breadth of vision and sweetness of spirit will lead the South to erect in Richmond, Va., a statue of Lincoln; when George Washington's statue will stand in London; and when the Jews of the free nations of the world, relieved from persecution by Christians, and under the spell and influence of the principles of democracy, will come to the Messiah as the pride and glory of the Hebrew race.

A Superstition.

A FEW years ago I was working on a sawlog "drive" coming down the Mississippi River in Ontario. It was the last season that Mr. Peter McLaren, now senator of Perth, owned timber limits on that stream, the holding passing by purchase to the Canada Lumber Company, Limited, the subsequent winter.

About forty men were engaged on the drive, which consisted of 25,000 white pine sawlogs and a few hundred pieces boom timber. The "breaking up" came early in the spring, so that we succeeded in getting out of the creek and into the main stream in good time, reaching Crotch Lake by the beginning of May. We finished "booming out" on a Saturday evening, and had all our cribs—cookers, sleeping and "kidding"—in readiness for a start through the lake. In the course of preparation it was my duty to build a table to hold the eating utensils, and make it a fixture on the cookery crib. While I was so employed, the rest of the gang, composed of Frenchmen, Indians and Canadians, portaged the camp outfit over a narrow rocky path which led from a point of the river at the head of the falls to the shore of Crotch Lake.

The locality is extremely barren, fire having followed the operations of the lumbermen, leaving a blackened, desolate brute. Boards or scantling were unobtainable, and I experienced considerable difficulty getting material suitable for my carpentry. After a long search I came upon a few small poplars growing near the portage path, and proceeded to fell one that seemed about the right size to make table legs. I was trimming the trunk preparatory to cutting it off at the required length, when Narcisse Trudeau, one of the crew, came along the portage carrying on his shoulder a full barrel of pork. Narcisse was a gigantic French-Canadian, a warm friend of mine, and a typical woodsman. When he saw me he laid down his ponderous load, and after a few moments' chat enquired what I was doing. Upon informing him that the poplar was to be used in making a table, the big fellow frowned, and wiping the perspiration from his massive forehead solemnly said, "Me I was tinkin', dat you betare no put dat stuff on dat rail. Shes de onlosky stuff, dat poplare, an' sure's great guns dar be trub for dat." I laughingly scouted such a superstitious idea and tried to entice Narcisse from his fears. But the riverman was not to be convinced and he resumed his load, muttering, "Ver well, ver well, ma boy, you'll see for dat." I finished my task and in due course the table was constructed, a substantial though primitive affair.

That night we got the boom half way through the lake, but a strong wind starting up in the morning, Sunday, we snubbed ashore, fastening with boom chains caught around a large pine tree growing at the water's edge. After a short sleep in the forenoon the men got out of bed and had dinner. In the afternoon the sun came out warm, the wind changed and was now blowing stiffly off shore. The cookery crib held the "snub," the sleeping crib swung next, then the kidding crib, and beyond these, reaching far out into the lake, hung the boom of logs, beaten by the wind into the shape of a monster kite. The men, having no work to do, lounged about, a dozen or so sitting in a ring on the cookery crib, others in the tents, while a few enjoyed a swim in the lake.

Myself and a companion took the anchor boat and rowed out to a small island, where we sat singing hymns, as was our custom on Sundays. We could hear the laughter on the men and could see the swimmers moving through the water while we sang one of the camp favorites, "Take it to the Lord in prayer." We had reached the second stanza and were preparing for a vigorous rendering of the chorus when Billy suddenly clutched my arm and sprang forward and exclaimed excitedly, "My God! the pine tree is falling." Then for a few moments we stood transfixed with horror, gazing shoreward upon a spectacle of destruction. A sudden gust of wind had added its power to the tremendous weight already hanging to the tree, causing it to uproot and crash down upon the cookery crib with fearful force. The tree, which measured thirty-six inches diameter at the "butt," destroyed every-

thing in its path, including my poplar table, which was smashed into a thousand pieces and sent whirling abroad, pan-nikins, plates, knives, spoons, and dishes of all sorts dashed to the bottom of the lake. The trunk of the pine fell among the men, wounding several and sending others scampering for their very lives. A tent was torn into shreds and the tree top struck the water beyond the cribs, causing a commotion that almost overwhelmed the bathers.

Billy and I rowed frantically to reach the cribs, and upon our arrival were greeted by Narcisse, who looked at me scornfully and said, "Me I tole you dat dam poplare shes bring de trub."

CHRIS. M. FORBES.

The Hunter.

The dawn peeps out of the dark. Arise! Shake the heaviness off the eyes, Put the reluctant sloth to rout, Shoulder the hollow steel and out Into the East, whose virgin blush Sets the answering cheek of the earth a-flush.

I bare my brow to the morning. See! The mock-bird rocks in the topmost tree. As if the Creator toiled last night The shortened song of the meadow-lark. A flash of color salutes my sight As the swallow swims in the morning light. The robin riles and the bluebird sings And the squirrel—I can almost see his wings! The glory is on me. The very snail Leaves a rainbow tint in his slimy trail.

So fresh! so sweet! I greet the sun, As if the world had but just begun, As if the Creator toiled last night And the word was leaving the Lips for light. I bow my head and I understand Religion, worship in every land; The worship of bird, of beast, of sun, The worship of All, the worship of One. And the wonder is that we do not bow To worship the Nature-Mother now.

My frantic dog leaps into my face, Drops and freezes into his place. My blood leaps up, my pulses thrill. The savage within me clamors "Kill!" "Kill!" and I bury my fangs of death Where glows the warmth of the living breath. "Kill!" and I sear the sensitive sight And blast it forever to life and light. "Kill!" and I tear the quivering note From its praise of love in the senate throat.

A moment ago and I hardly trod The earth, for I held the hand of God. I held the hand, and I clearly heard The deepest song and the fullest word. Fresh-pulsed from the living heart of Him! But now the sight of my soul is dim, Blurred by the blot of a clotted stain. Then I was Adam; now I am Cain.

—Edmund Vance Cooke in "Critic."

Curious Prediction for Wireless.

It will not be necessary in the future for Arctic explorers to die from starvation because they are lost from civilization, says Marconi. By means of the wireless telegraph it will be very easy for an exploring party to keep in daily communication with their home people. Every Arctic expedition hereafter, probably, will be equipped with a wireless telegraphic outfit. Should an explorer be so fortunate as to reach the North Pole he can announce the fact at once to the civilized world. If he is in need of supplies he can direct how these shall be forwarded to him, and of what they shall consist. All that applies to the Arctic explorer applies with equal truth to the explorer in the jungles of interior Africa and Australia. Had the wireless telegraph been invented in Dr. Livingston's time, it would not have been necessary to send Henry M. Stanley to find him. He would have been able to wire for help when he first fell a victim to the jungle fever. It is quite likely that future African explorers will consider a wireless telegraph equipment as necessary as a medicine chest.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Lockhart Watt of Scarth road held her post-nuptial reception on Wednesday, and her new home was en fête the entire afternoon to many friendly visitors. Mrs. Watt received in pale grayish lawn, encrusted with medallions and lace, and her sister, Mrs. Reynolds, was in charge of the tea-room, where a couple of lovely young girls, Miss Ruby Reynolds and Miss Terry Irving, waited on the visitors. The tea-table was decorated with a centerpiece of flowers and green, and looked quite lovely.

Mrs. Kaye received with Mrs. Buchanan at Stanley Park on Wednesday afternoon, when a great many callers were on hand to wish her welcome on her first visit home since her wedding. Mrs. Kaye looked the picture of happiness in a charming turquoise blue reception gown, with broad cape collar of embroidery, and was greeted with many hearty compliments. A good many men turned up at this reception, which was as jolly as everything is at the Colonel's quarters. Tea was served in the dining-room at a table glowing with military red.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday, November 11, when Miss Edna Katharine Dower was married to Mr. Archie Ingram Sheridan. Mr. Montgomery Buchanan was groomsmen, while the bride was attended by her sister, Miss Sara Kay Dower. Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan will reside at 50 Dunn avenue after returning from a short wedding trip.

Mr. George Plunkett Magann returned from England this week, where he left his two little elder sons at school.

A riding party numbering Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson, Major Forester, Mr. and Miss Cawthra of Guiseley House, Miss Louie James, Miss Mary Davidson and Captain Bickford lunched at the Hunt Club on Wednesday and enjoyed a pleasant ride together.

Colonel and Mrs. Davidson entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn are giving a dinner of fourteen covers in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. Molson Macpherson this evening at their residence in Sherbourne street.

Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson gave a very jolly tea at her residence, 60 College street, yesterday.

Mrs. Frank Arnold's tea this afternoon will be one of the most pleasant and popular of the half-holiday reunions, and is, in fact, the first she has given in her present home, 2 Queen's Park.

Mrs. Lewis Lukes and Mrs. Arthur G. Slaght (nee Lukes) have sent out cards for an At Home at McKenney's for next Tuesday afternoon, from four to seven o'clock.

Miss Dallas and Miss Curlette of Westbourne School have sent out cards for an At Home on this day week, November 21, from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

Mrs. John Morrison's At Home next Thursday at 604 Jarvis street will be a large and pleasant affair, with hostess and home perfectly equal to the occasion.

Mrs. Amelius Baldwin is giving a tea next Wednesday afternoon, November 18, at her residence in Spadina road, from 4.30 to 6 o'clock.

Mrs. William Kent gave a charming tea on Tuesday afternoon at her home, 193 Madison avenue, to the younger matrons and girls of her acquaintance, at which her sister, Mrs. Hollinrake of Ingersoll, received with her in a pretty green crepe de chine dress, with trimmings of tucked embroidered chiffon. Mrs. Kent wore cream voile, with deep collet of handsome lace and touches of pale blue. Miss Shore, another sister, assisted at the reception, in a pretty dress of blue foulard. The tea-table was a picture in white and green, centered by a silver candelabrum with green and silver shades, flanked by cut-glass vases filled with white roses, single candelabra and tiny vases of lily of the valley and maiden-hair fern. In the boudoir little music-room the decorations were pink 'mums and palms. In the tea-room Miss Etta Shore, Miss Potts and Miss Edna Lockett, a pretty Kingstonian, the three girls wearing light frocks and black picture hats, waited upon the guests. There was one man—a very little one—at this tea, Baby Leighton being brought down to prevent a threatened invasion of his nursery, and meeting the most ardent baby worshippers. A few of the guests were Mrs. H. Page Thornloe, Miss Hollinwell, Mrs. J. G. Kent, Mrs. A. F. Webb, Mrs. Egerton Shore, Mrs. Wilfred Shore, Mrs. Albert Webb, Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, Mrs. J. S. MacKinnon, Mrs. F. Maughan Ellis, Mrs. Owen Parry, Mrs. Copp, Mrs. Fletcher Snider, Mrs. Gash, the Misses Skinner, Mrs. Gordon McLean, Mrs. Fred Kent, Mrs. Herbert Kent, Miss Dixon, Mrs. Robert Massie, Mrs. Percy Leadley, Mrs. Land, Miss Eva Gage, Mrs. H. P. Eckardt, Miss Sweetnam, Miss Housner.

The marriage of Miss Helen Tudor Pemberton, only daughter of the late George Tudor Pemberton of Quebec, and Mr. Percy C. Stevenson, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Sydney, C.B., took place at three o'clock on Tuesday at St. Alban's Cathedral. The Rev. F. G. Plummer, rector of St. Augustine's Church, officiated, assisted by Canon MacVale. Only the immediate family of the bride and a few intimate friends were present. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Leigh Pemberton, and wore white crepe de chine, trimmed with Brussels lace applique, and a scarf of the same, a tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried white chrysanthemums. A gold chain and locket set with diamonds was the gift of the groom. Miss Louise Virtue was bridesmaid, and Mr. R. B. Henderson groomsmen. Miss Virtue wore champagne silk, black velvet picture hat, and carried yellow chrysanthemums. After the ceremony Mrs. Leigh Pemberton, sister-in-law of the bride, held an informal reception at 21 Howland avenue. Later on Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson left for New York, where they will attend the marriage of Miss Eleanor Stevenson. The bride went away in a suit of green vicuna cloth and hat to match, and wore stone marten furs.

Mrs. Oates gave a tea on Monday at



Miss Marion Grace Barker.



Mr. Alan Macdougall Jones.

ternoon at her home in Huron street, at which she was assisted by Miss Clara Oates. Miss Oates had charge of the tea-room, and was assisted by Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. James Ince, Mrs. A. D. Langmuir, the Misses Laurie and Grace Rolph, Miss Hilda Ingles and Miss Shepley. Among the guests were Mrs. Ince, Mrs. W. A. Baldwin, Mrs. Maddison, Mrs. James Ince, Mrs. Charles Ingles, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. de Leigh Wilson, Miss Darling, the Misses Mason, Miss Langmuir, the Misses MacKellar, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mrs. Clarence Whitney, Mrs. James Baldwin, Mrs. Willie Ince, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Rolph, Mrs. Shepley, Mrs. Stuart Heath, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. Holway, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. J. O. Bryan and Mrs. S. Jarvis.

A very charming house wedding was that of Miss Elizabeth King and Dr. Shirley W. Bowles, which took place on Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of the family circle only, owing to their being still in mourning for the late head of the house, Mr. J. D. King. The bride has long been the adored of her family and esteemed above the common by her friends for her bright, clever and sweet nature, and Dr. Bowles made friends very quickly with his bride's circle. Mr. Howard Johnstone was best man. The marriage ceremony was performed by Dr. Sunderland of the Unitarian Church, and was followed by a reception, to which a few intimate friends were invited for three o'clock. Dr. and Mrs. Bowles stood in the drawing-room, under an arch of green and flowers, the carpet being strewn with rose petals, showered on them by two fairy-like girls, Miss Ruth Wilbur and Miss Norris Johnstone, nieces of the bride. The house was beautifully decorated with elaborate and skillful arrangement of all sorts of lovely blooms, but the chief d'oeuvres was the table on which the dejeuner was charmingly arranged, which was centered with a huge basket of pink 'mums and canopied with tiny strands of pale pink ribbon from a central floral wreath, hung under the blazing electricolier and tied with tiny bouquets of lily of the valley, which delicate and fragrant flowers were massed at the corners of the table. The taste and artistic tone of this decoration were perfect. The bride wore a very pretty pale gray costume and large gray hat with plume, and looked a picture. Mrs. Wilbur's white crepe de soie, encrusted with exquisite white lace, and Mrs. Charles Johnstone's black lace dress were worn with the grace which distinguishes the sisters, and Mrs. J. Staunton King was as pretty as could be, in a pale gray crepe de soie and large hat. Mrs. King received, and Mr. and Mrs. Bowles and Miss Bowles were also present. Two very pretty young matrons, Mrs. Howard Chandler and Mrs. Herbert Cox, were much admired. The bride went away in a quiet gown of black and white cloth and gray hat touched with blue and trimmed with black and white wings. Dr. and Mrs. Bowles will reside in Washington. Many charming presents were arranged at the end of the reception-room.

The Misses Adair intend leaving for Montreal on Monday evening by C.P.R. They express with true Celtic fervor their

SPECIAL SUNDAY EVENING SERMONS

By Rev. J. J. Sunderland, M.A.

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SERIES I.—Religious Thought in the 20th Century.
Nov. 15.—The New Thought of Faith.
23.—The New Thought of Incarnation.
Dec. 13.—The New Thought of Conversion.
27.—The New Thought of Prayer and Worship.

Jan. 10.—The New Thought of Miracles.
24.—The New Thought of Election, Pre-ordination and Human Freedom.
Feb. 7.—The New Thought of the Devil.
21.—The New Thought of the Day of Judgment.

SERIES II.—Great Public Questions.
Nov. 22.—What Must the Laboring Man Do to be Saved?
Dec. 6.—What Must the Rich Man Do to be Saved?

20.—The Vice of Gambling: What to Do About It.

Jan. 3.—What is the True Solution of the Labor Problem?
17.—Private Monopoly and Public Ownership.

31.—The Teaching of the Bible, Religion and Morals in our Schools.
Feb. 14.—Our Newspaper Press: Its Influence and Responsibilities.
28.—How to Make Our Country Great.

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pleasure in their Toronto visit, which has been the most enjoyable one the sisters have had on their trip. They are indeed the dearest of girls, and the person who objected to my adjective "win-some" in writing of Miss Rhona, says it should be "win-all," in which, I doubt not, everyone agrees.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton May are en pension at 262 College street.

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The MacLaren Imperial Cheese Company, Toronto, are packing, shipping and delivering, carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain, boxes of half a dozen or a dozen jars of their famous Imperial



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Face Treatments which make a wrinkled, faded complexion look many years younger, and cure pimples, blackheads, blotches, coarse pores and discolorations. These treatments rest and soothe the most nervous women.

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LIVERY STOCK

SHOW HORSES AND SPEED

WILL BE HELD AT

"The Repository," Toronto, on

Thursday, Nov. 26

at 10.30 sharp.

This Monster Auction Sale will include the most complete and valuable Livery Stock ever offered in Canada. Everything is in first-class condition, and has been purchased without regard to cost. The following is a partial list of this extraordinary collection of choice

HORSES, VEHICLES, HARNESS, ETC.

Thirty-Seven Horses, including the following:

"RICHARD A." 3.17.
Brown Gelding, 15.3 hands, 10 years. Got his record last August on a half mile track at Montreal. Reliable race horse and handsome roadster.

"BERTHA W." 2.19 1/2.
Bay Mare, 15.1 hands, 5 years. Guaranteed to show a full mile in 2.11 or better on no sale. Anyone who saw this young mare race in Montreal this fall will speak well of her. She is certainly a bona race horse and desirable in every way.

PAIR BAY CARRIAGE GELDINGS.
Five year, 15.3 hands, chest actors, handsome and sound.

PAIR BAYS, MARE AND GELDING.
Five and six years, 16 hands. Fit for any show ring.

BROWN GELDING.
Six years, 15.3 hands. A handsome ride and drive horse.

And thirty other horses.

Three Landaus, 1 Five Light Hack, 2 Close Quarter Hacks, 5 Victorias, 4 Broughams, 2 Show Carts, 4 Road Wagons (rubber tires), 1 Tilbury Cart, 2 Four Wheeler Dog Carts, 1 Surrey, 1 Extension Top Carriage, 13 Cutters and Sleighs, 30 Harness, 10 Rugs, 7 sets Double Harness, 12 sets Single Harness, Coachman's Livery, Coachman's Furs, Blanks, Saddles, Bridles, Stable Utensils, etc., making an outfit that

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"THE REPOSITORY," corner Simcoe and Nelson Streets, Toronto. Auction Sales every Tuesday and Friday, at 11 o'clock. Private sales every day.



"Venus"

Air Form Corset Cover, Hip Pads and Bustle

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Tubs, Pails, Wash-boards, Clothes-pins. The Best Made.

Your grocer sells them.

will probably need looking over this autumn. We would be pleased to

Tune, Revarnish, Restring, Polish,

or repair your Piano or Organ and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Only first-class workmen employed. Repairs of all instruments a specialty.

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STYLE is our reputation and the imitation of our style is the reputation of our competitors. The style which we have is so natural to us that it is worked into every article of our stock and pervades all our workmanship. It costs us nothing to maintain style and in buying from us you pay only for quality and workmanship. And the advantage to you is that you come into possession of a fur garment that is a real "Dineen." What is not from "Dineen's" is not stylish because it is not exclusive. Our business is exclusively the production of fur garments. Made up in our factory of first quality skins only. Time and skill put into the workmanship. Style and finish inimitable.

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New designs with Bishop or Bonaparte sleeves—plain fronts—or with collar and lapels of Chinchilla, Mink, Russian or Hudson Bay Sable.

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The undersigned will receive tenders up to noon on Monday, 23rd inst., for supplies of butchers' meat, creamery butter, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, cordwood, etc., etc., for the following institutions during the year 1904, viz.:

At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville, Cobourg, and Orillia; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penitentiary, the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford.

Exception—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, and Brockville, nor for the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.

A marked cheque for five per cent. of the estimated amount of the contract, payable to the order of the Honorable the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides. Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract, and should any tender be withdrawn before the contract is awarded, or should the tenderer fail to furnish such security, the amount of the deposit will be forfeited.

Specifications and forms of tender may be had on application to the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Toronto, or to the Bureau of the respective Institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it.

J. R. BRATTON,
Provincial Secretary,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, November 9, 1903.

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Places for Books

Now that the long winter evenings are near at hand one's thoughts naturally turn to books and it may interest you to know that our stock of cases to hold them is particularly good.

In addition to open bookshelves it includes a great variety of enclosed cases, some with plain glass doors, others with the doors leaded and others again with small panes quaintly framed in wood.

Then there are the sectional bookcases, now so much in favor, and secretary bookcases, some with the writing flap at the side and others with the book shelves above the writing board.

No matter how large or how small the space you can spare or what your taste is in regard to wood or finish, you are pretty sure to find a case to suit on our floors.

If not, we can make one to your order.

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Our Styles and Cloths are the latest, and we positively guarantee thorough satisfaction to our customers.

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Sables, Mink, Fox, Squirrel and Marten
\$5.00 to \$250.00
MUFFS TO MATCH.

Fairweather



THE King Edward was the rendezvous for some two hundred society folk on Tuesday night, who gave the beautiful hostelry a gala appearance, such as it has had once before in larger proportion when those good hosts, the yachtmen, gave their splendid dance. So many pretty women, all in their dainty silks and chiffons, are seldom gathered together, with attendant cavaliers, to the distraction of an artist, as faced Mr. Clifford Walker when he appeared for his monologue recital in the banquet hall of the King Edward at a quarter to nine on Tuesday evening. It was, as I predicted, an assembly worthy of the beautiful hall in which it was held, and represented a brilliant section of Toronto society. Mr. Walker gave one of his refined, amusing and varied programmes, and Mrs. Alton Garratt sang charmingly in the first part, while Miss Mildred Stewart, whose noble voice gains strength and sweetness every time she sings, took the third number in the second part. Both ladies were in their best form and were smartly encased.

Mr. Walker's numbers included a couple of "quite English, you know," selections, which pleased particularly some of his hearers whose home is "dear old London." The "Lesson of the Water-Mill," which is a recitation accompanied very cleverly on the piano by Mr. Walker, was repeated from his former programme by request, as was also the imitatively funny discourse on "Pat-a-cake," from which ditty the artist drew many more morals than Jack Horner drew plums from his pie. There were several clergymen in the audience, and it suffices to say that they laughed heartily at the sermon on "Pat-a-cake." "Gunga Din" was exquisitely pathetic, and the "Game of Life" was interesting and new. "Nothing" was one of the smartest funnigrams on the programme, and "Memory," with the man who had none, was very amusing. While Mr. Clifford Walker never uses broad farce effects, nor the comical antics of the immortal Grossmith, he provides an elegant, refined and dainty programme, such as appeals to the cultured and discriminating amusement-seeker. The souvenir tickets which were each signed by the artist were, as a man expressed it, "a new one on me," and the programme cards, in pale green, to match the banquet hall, were very neat and pretty. Among those who were at the recital were Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn and Miss Alice Fuller, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mr. and Mrs. Austin of Spadina, and the Misses Adair, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. Fiske, Mr. Lissant Beardsmore, Mr. George Tate Blackstock, Mrs. Blackstock Downey, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Davies of Vancouver, Mr. Sydney Hand, Colonel Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Greene, Mr. and Mrs. de Leigh Wilson, Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Mr. and Mrs. Jack MacKellar, Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar, Mr. W. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bourlier, the Misses Akers, Mr. Jack Reid, Miss Wornum and Miss Essie Doherty, Miss Case, Miss Boulton, Mrs. Sydney Greene, Mrs. Biddell, Mrs. Cattanoah, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, the Misses Arnoldi, Mr. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Benjamin, Mrs. A. D. Benjamin, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Kingston of New York and her sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Smith and Miss Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler, Miss Marler of Montreal, Mr. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Michie, Dr. Alton Garratt, Mr. Ritchie, Mrs. A. D. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. Allen and Miss Audrey Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. John McKinnon, Mrs. George Macdonald, Miss Irene Somerville, Miss Cosby of Maplehyrn, Mrs. and the Misses Shepley, Colonel Field, the Misses Carty, Mr. and Mrs. Signum Samuel, Mrs. William and Miss Hazel Wright, the Misses Taylor of Florshiem, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dixon, Miss Leverich and Miss Evelyn Cox, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton and her sister, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mrs. Timmerman, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Miss Lennox and Mr. Worts Smart, Mr. and Miss Waldie, Hon. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Hollway, Mr. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Captain des Voeux, Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. Boswell, Mrs. and Miss Reynolds, Mrs. McIntyre, Mr. and Miss Rita Murray, Mrs. Arthur King, Mrs. Land, Mrs. and Miss Byford, Dr. and Mrs. Sylvester, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Miss Taylor-Massey, Mr. Blackstock, Mrs. Shoemaker and Miss Tate, Mrs. Frederick Law, Miss Law, Mr. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones, Miss Thorburn, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. E. Cronyn, Major Robertson, Major Michie, Mrs. MacCullough, Mr. Sydney Small, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Clinch, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mr. Gould, New York. Several dinners preceded the recital at the King Edward, and afterwards the hotel orchestra played in the cafe downstairs for the supper parties. It was altogether the social affair of the week.

Mrs. Darling of Ravensmount has sent out cards for a tea next Wednesday, from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

Mrs. John M. Bascom (nee Gerhardt Heintzman) will hold her post-nuptial reception at her residence, 80 Howard street, on the afternoon and evening of November 18, next Wednesday. Many friends are sure to hasten to offer welcome and good wishes to this sweet and popular bride.

Many loving wishes went to Mrs. Rowland from friends far and near on the anniversary of her eighty-first birthday on Tuesday. The gentle lady, who has been an invalid for so long, was cheered by many evidences of love and remembrance.

Mrs. C. H. Passmore of 55 Howland avenue will receive the second Friday in each month during the season. Mrs. C.

Cunningham-Dunlop is the guest of Mrs. Passmore, and will receive with her Friday.

Miss Edith O'Byrne is visiting friends in Montreal.

The annual At Home of the Dental College will be held in the King Edward Hotel on December 16.

Miss Wallace of 71 Pembroke street is giving an exhibition at her home of burnt and colored wood and leather, marquetry and basket-work on November 18, 19 and 20, from 3 to 9 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McNally have moved to 1225 College street, where Mrs. McNally will receive on the first and third Fridays of the month.

A King in Attica.

I drift through the streets all day
Weary and hungry and lone,
But every night there's an open way
Out of the smoke-clouds dense and gray
To an empire all my own,
Where down in the dusty path I stray
With an arm that circles a goddess gay
In a dance to the world unknown!

I climb by a stairway steep
To an attic cold and high,
But every night as I drop to sleep
The stars stand round, ten million deep,
To guard me as I lie,
Till the little pink-skirted housemaids
Creep
From the East with their windy brooms,
To sweep
The steps of the open sky!

—Will H. Ogilvie.

They dug the buried and battered form of the inventor out from under the ruins of his flying machine. "I want to say," he whispered, hoarsely, "that my invention is going to be a magnificent success! I have found out just what ails it!" Waving the surgeons away, he continued to talk to the reporters.—Chicago "Tribune."

Miss Bosting—It couldn't have been very comfortable automobiling along that back road yesterday. Miss Flurty Oh did you see Mr. Huggard and me? Miss Bosting—Yes, and when I saw you, you were oscillating from one side to the other. Miss Flurty—Oh! that's a fib! The oscillating was all on his side.—Philadelphia "Press."

Giving evidence of character for a man charged at North London, a witness declared that he was eccentric. Mr. Fordham—Can you give an instance of his eccentricity? The Witness—Well, yes, I can; during the fourteen years I have known him he has never been a minute late in getting to his work. Mr. Fordham—And you call that being eccentric? The Witness—Yes, certainly, for a workman.—Ex.

The youth stood in front of the quick-lunch establishment and wept bitterly. "Why this grief?" asked the benevolent citizen. "My father's dead," replied the blubbering urchin. "How do you know it?" asked the benevolent citizen. "Because he went into that quick-lunch place five minutes ago and he hasn't ever come out yet!"—Baltimore "American."

St. Peter—So you are young from Utah. I've kept a place for you with thirteen of your wives and their mothers. Shade of Departed Mormon—Never mind, old chap, guess I'll try below.—Ex.

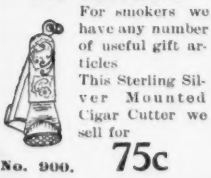
The Guide—Well, here we are on the peak at last. The Tourist—Oh, guide, do you mean to say we can get no higher? Don't say that I can ascend no further. The Guide—Well, you can climb up this alpstock if you want to. It's seven feet long.—Chicago "Tribune."

Mule Man.

The mule—he is a gentle beast; He's satisfied to be the least; And so is man. Like man he may be taught some tricks; He does his work from eight to six; The mule—when he gets mad he kicks; And so does man.

The mule—he has a load to pull; He's happiest when he is full; And so is man. Like man he holds a patient poise; And when his work's done will rejoice. The mule—he likes to hear his voice; And so does man.—Ex.

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No. 846—\$20.00. The natural floral tints are in this Brooch beautifully enameled on 14k gold.

Order from us by mail. We will refund your money if you are not perfectly satisfied.

If reading distresses your eyes have them examined by our optician.

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Cor. Yonge and Adelaide,
TORONTO.

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If you need Malt Extract and want the best, insist upon getting "O'Keefe's."

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Yonge and Carleton Streets.

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EARNING 15 SPENDING 20

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take pleasure in announcing that their Annual Art Exhibit

of Christmas and New Year Calendars, Cards and Picture Novelties will be open for inspection on and after

Saturday, November the fourteenth
A. E. HUESTIS, Manager.

About Whole Pearls...

Ours are round. Many now on the market are known as "Button" pearls, a name applied to those that are flat on one side. This flat side is often hidden by the setting and thus obscured to the lay eye. They are much less valuable than those perfectly round. We would like you to examine our stock.

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P. CODOU

See that you get it. Best dealers keep CODOU'S goods.

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Make bad figures good and good figures perfect. Ask to see the new Crompton Model.

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Sold by all Leading Merchants.

By appointment purveyors to His Excellency the Governor-General.

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Catalogue Free.
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Charles' Flesh Food, Kohler's Headache Powders, Papier Poudre, Mitchell's Corn Plaster

and many other preparations you no doubt have been unable to procure.

Try a box of Allegretti's (Original) Chocolates—fresh every week.

Prescriptions sent for and delivered at any hour, day or night.

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Branch—Church and Wellesley Sts. Phone N. 1022

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a most attractive line, best value ever offered in high-grade Stationery. Made in six elegant tints—Azure, Grey, Marguerite, Rose, Blue, White—most correct shapes and sizes—envelopes to match—in handsome papereries. Sold by all progressive stationers.

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1st Floor over Singer Office.
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For ladies, gentlemen and children. Corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, and all foot troubles successfully treated. Telephone for appointments Main 1086
166 KING ST. WEST (Opposite Princess Theater)

The Birthplace of Dickens.

The City of Portsmouth to Make a Museum of It.

THE sale at Portsmouth, on Tuesday last, of the home where Charles Dickens was born, and its purchase by the corporation of that city for the purpose of converting it into a museum of relics and articles of interest connected with the famous novelist, has brought to light a flood of reminiscences in the papers. When I was last down at Portsmouth, during the visit of the United States squadron under Admiral Cotton in July, I saw the house—a small, red brick residence of two stories and a basement, which stands back from the road, with a little "garden" in front, an iron railing enclosing it from the thoroughfare, Commercial road. It is really situated at the end of a row of pretentious modern houses, known as Mile End Terrace, and is a fine sample of the better sort of house of the early part of the century, which was inhabited by middle-class people in easy circumstances. It is what is known in England as semi-detached, and over the front door is the number 393. In Dickens's time the number was 387, but the corporation renumbered the house.

The last occupant of Dickens's birthplace was a Miss Pearce, and it was her executors who sold the house. The rent-book in the possession of Mr. Pearce's executors shows that the father of the great novelist was a clerk in the navy pay office, and that he rented the house from June 24, 1809, and entered into possession shortly after his marriage in that year. The first child of this marriage was born in the second year of the tenancy, and was named Frances Elizabeth, but was commonly known and referred to by the novelist as Fanny. Here about two years later, on February 17, 1812, Charles Dickens first saw the light. He was born on a Friday, like David Copperfield; in fact, Dickens is known to have regarded Friday as his lucky day, as many important things happened to him, and many of his books are said to have been begun, on that day. Whether the latter was intentional on his part no one knows.

When hardly a month old he was baptized at the parish church at Portsea. This church has now become one of the finest and most imposing edifices in the South of England. It is the church whose lofty spire at once attracts the eye of the passenger approaching Portsmouth by train, and can always be seen from the windows on the right of the carriage as you draw near to the famous dockyard city of Hampshire. The church was restored at a large outlay some years ago, the chief contributor to the extent of many thousands of pounds being Mr. W. H. Smith, the head of the great firm of railway stall news-vendors, who hold the monopoly of selling books and papers at every railway station in England. Dickens was baptized by the name of John Charles Huffam. This is incorrectly spelled. "Huffam" is in the church register. It is well known that Dickens never used either his first or third Christian name. They are not included in his signature on his marriage certificate. The stone slab which marks his resting place in Westminster Abbey does not bear them, as all good Americans who come to London know full well. Just outside the house in the pavement a tablet is fixed which says: "In this house Charles Dickens was born," giving the date of birth. Several of the letters of the inscription are missing, no doubt the prey of vandal hunters. Indeed, precautions against depredations have been found necessary for some time past. The two cellar windows have been backed with iron, and the street door has no less than five bolts.

The rooms within are exactly eight in number, and include a parlor and dining-room, and two good bedrooms, back and front. When these were the novelist's birth spot is not known, but it is naturally assumed to have been the "best," or front bedroom, whose windows look on the street.

In those days the house was far out of town; now it is quite within reach of everything, and electric cars pass the main street of Portsmouth. The town hall, the railway station, the general post-office, and the leading theater, as well as all the best shops, stand upon it. The Dickens family left the old house in 1812, and went to live in Hawke street, Portsea. Here they lived until Charles was ten years old, and it becomes incidentally a matter of interest to think that, as a boy, he undoubtedly witnessed the firing out of the frigate "Shannon," which afterward captured the "Chesapeake" in the famous naval battle.

It is needless to say that the sale of the old house by auction has attracted much attention all over England. The Portsmouth city authorities, after much cogitation, decided to buy it. There was considerable opposition from unsentimental ratepayers. Fortunately, Sir William Durrell, the city's mayor, is a man of wealth, and, though essentially self-made, has a soul above buttons. His influence prevailed, and at the sale he became the purchaser at the high price of five thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars, more than twice the real market value of the premises. There have been some groans about it, but on the whole I think the mayor and the people of Portsmouth are to be congratulated. Years hence the property will be priceless. One reason for its purchase by the city was the fear of the house being altered or pulled down. This would, indeed, have been a calamity, for the Dickens's home has always been one of the chief points of interest in Portsmouth, and has attracted many visitors and tourists.

New Zealand's Man-Killing Geyser.

THE Australian "Review of Reviews" for September, just to hand, contains a vivid account of a remarkable disaster which occurred recently in New Zealand.

Waimangu geyser, Rotorua, New Zealand, is one of the most remarkable geysers in the world; a lake of boiling water, black and threatening, that, at irregular intervals, shoots up into space a vast column of water, mud and stones to a height sometimes of over 1,000 feet. It is simply one of the wonders of the world. It is situated on a crater chain, which was formed by the great Tarawera eruption rift. One photograph taken

while it was playing shows liquid mud rising to a height estimated at 1,800 feet. The immense stone, shot up hundreds of feet, as shown on the photograph, was afterwards found to measure 12 feet by 8 feet. The steam cloud from the geyser can be seen thirty miles away. One feature is the ejection of mud and stones and mud perpendicularly, so that they all fall back into the crater. The second might come at an angle, and bombard the bank where the victims stood. On Sunday afternoon, August 30, a group of tourists were waiting to secure a snapshot of the next eruption, when a dreadful discharge of boiling water and mud took place, and four persons—two of them young ladies, and one of them a well-known guide—were caught in the watery cyclone, swept away in a moment and destroyed; the mother of the two girls, only a few feet distant, being a shrieking spectator of the tragedy. Here is a description of the incident by an eye-witness:

"My sister and myself had been staying at Rotorua since Monday last. Our first view of the giant geyser at Waimangu was obtained on Tuesday. There was then not a ripple on it. We made up our minds that we would visit it again, and we did so on Sunday, accompanying a fairly large party, consisting for the most part of tourists. The geyser was then playing gently. We took up a position near the shelter shed and watched the jets of water shoot upwards. About 12.30 a shot went up to a height of 400 feet or thereabouts. After crossing to the far side and inspecting the display from numerous positions, we came back, passed over the bridge, and stood on a slight projection. Looking over the edge of the geyser, we were rewarded by seeing an outburst from the geyser reach a height of 800 feet. Other shots went higher still. It was a stupendous spectacle. About 3 p.m. I noticed a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had arrived at Waimangu about 2.30 or 2.45. They included the Misses Nicholls, Joseph Warbrick and Mr. McNaughton. The ladies and gentlemen took up a position some forty or fifty yards in front of where I was standing. They had cameras with them, and were evidently bent on getting snapshots of Waimangu in action.

"At twenty minutes past three the geyser sent up a huge column of boiling mud and scalding water that spread out over a wide area. For perhaps rather more than a minute the entire scene was enveloped in darkness, made all the more terrifying by reverberations as of thunder and a vibration that filled the atmosphere and caused the ground under our feet to tremble. I called out to my sister to run for her life, and I fled after her. Fortunately, we had a clear path in front of us, and we got away just in time, a huge fragment of rock falling within a yard of us. The eruption lasted for about two minutes.

"The disappearance of Misses Nicholls, Mr. J. Warbrick and Mr. McNaughton caused the utmost consternation. They had apparently attempted to reach the path, but without success. The boiling torrent sweeping them into the seething cauldron below. Search was made for the victims. Warbrick, the guide, assisted by a number of others, including myself, took part in this painful task. The first body recovered was that of Mr. McNaughton. This was found about half a mile from the bridge, about twelve feet of water. It was terribly disfigured, the head in particular being badly cut. Some distance further on the body of Joseph Warbrick was found, also, shockingly distorted. The bodies of the ladies were recovered at a distance of about a mile from the spot where they were standing when the eruption took place. Their jackets and shoes had been washed off them, and they were greatly disfigured. Mrs. Nicholls' mother and heart-broken. It was pitiable to witness her grief.

"You will form some idea of the force of the explosion when I tell you that a stone weighing not less than a hundredweight was projected through the air for well nigh a mile, and ere it buried itself almost out of sight in the earth split a huge rock into fragments. Hundreds of tons of mud and stones were thrown up from the mouth of the geyser."

Actors' Wives.

It is filthy here, and not family jars, as a rule, that causes so many popular married thespians to separate and star at the head of their own companies. So long as they are together, marriage makes no difference, but once they start in the fierce light that beats on the center of the stage it seems best for them to separate. Maxine Elliott, who has broken loose from her husband, Nat Goodwin, so far as her theatrical efforts are concerned, had become quite too popular to share business and public favor with her clever husband. C. B. Dillingham, who is starring her, was confident that she would, in a successful play, draw audiences just as large as she and her husband had drawn together. That his judgment was good is proved by the fact that in Clyde Fitch's latest play, "Her Two Ways," she is crowding the Garrick Theater in New York. In the present arrangement Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin are able to get parts that suit them without having to struggle to find plays that show them both to equal advantage. James K. Hackett is another popular actor who no longer appears with his wife. It is not probable that their earnings would be materially increased if they played together. The case of E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned is the same. They find it much more profitable to be single stars. Richard Mansfield is also able to do better work now that his wife has retired from the stage. Charming as Beatrice Cameron was in many roles, there were others totally unsuited to her; but as the wife of the star she had to have always the part next to his. This not only damaged many of the Mansfield productions, but it was a great injustice to the actress, who was called on for work she could not do. Now that Mrs. Mansfield has retired, her husband can engage the woman best suited to the leading parts in his play. Julia Marlowe's great financial success began only after her appearance as a separate star without the support of her husband, Robert Taber. One of the crimes charged against the theatrical syndicate was that it forced Robert Taber and his wife, who were acting together, to go into different companies. As they were divorced a short time after this artistic separation occurred, however, the separation could

not have been very difficult for them to bear. Miss Marlowe's position is better now than it ever was, and Mr. Taber is one of the most successful London actors to-day. No American has, indeed, done so well in London for such a long time. Were he in this country, he would certainly be a star. Difficulties in finding plays for co-stars have always troubled managers, and ultimately led to the artistic separation of the actors. Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, who were married before they made their first success in "The Girl from Paris," tried for four years to get a play that would suit both of them, and met with very moderate success. Now they have separated, and prosperity once more perches on their banners. Kyrie Bellew has been a much more successful actor during the last few years than he ever was during the days of his artistic partnership with Mrs. Potter. And she, too, has fared better since they have been traveling in single harness.

The Girls of France.

MRS. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON, the novelist, complains of the decadence of the "American girl," owing to idleness and lack of aim. Mrs. Philip Gilbert Hamerton brings the same indictment against the girls of France. Forty years ago, she writes, the French girl was modest, retiring, simple in dress, diffident in talk, and respectfully obedient to her parents—either from natural bent and the powerful influence of her surroundings, or through the discipline of education and the weight of public opinion in her own country. That some French girls were by nature coquettish, fond of finery and show, impatient of restraint and control, cannot be doubted, but when these tendencies did exist they had to be carefully hidden behind the outward appearance of a willing and contented self-effacement in all circumstances by every girl who wished to be thought "bien élevée." For the slightest deviation from this strict rule was sufficient to mark her as "mal élevée," and to banish her from the intimacy of all friends who wished to be "comme il faut."

"To-day," Mrs. Hamerton says, the modern French girl would be astonished were she told not to take the leading part in conversation, not to giggle loudly, not to set her arms akimbo, and never to talk privately with a young gentleman. "She would think," adds Mrs. Hamerton, "that such recommendations were perfectly ridiculous as preventing all possible flirtations, for the art of flirtation is never at its best unless practiced in private. But forty years ago, when parents deemed that marriage was not a proper subject for the thoughts of their daughters, flirtation—even as a word—was unknown in France. At that time simplicity in dress was the order of the day for young maidens, and even conferred a certain distinction, being carried as far as possible among the aristocracy. There were special light silks and inexpensive trinkets for jeunes filles, set with corals, enamels, and pearls, among which the tiniest of diamonds would never have been tolerated any more than costly laces, furs, or elaborate trappings. At a glance it was easy to ascertain by the style of dress whether a young woman was married or not, whereas it is not any means so easy now, the same satins, velvets, feathers, and jewels being worn alike in both cases. And it is not any easier to guess from the behavior in society, for it may happen that the conversation is taken up and carried on by the girls in their desire to shine and to attract attention—the married ladies being silenced and ignored in the midst of the excitement and amusement artfully created by free sallies, unrestrained laughter, and much attitudinizing. No doubt the conventional restrictions of forty years ago were somewhat somewhat stiff, and kept French girls till after marriage in a state of prolonged childhood; nevertheless, it remains to be seen whether the rapid change which has supervened is a real gain, for if it has remedied some evils of the old system, it has also engendered new ones, and on that account many thoughtful French parents are now seriously disquieted about the future of their daughters."

The House and The Road.

The Little Road says Go:
The Little House says Stay.
And oh, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The Little Road, like me,
Would seek, and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The Little Road would show.

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may;
Though heart be sore for the little house
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little house would have you stay
When the Little Road says Go.
—Josephine F. Feasby, in "Scribner's."

Individualities.

Sands, Queen Victoria's old coachman, who drove her for more than forty years, and without whom she would not go out in a carriage, may be seen daily upon the streets of Windsor, and if you can warm him up a little, says William Curtis, he will relate anecdotes of the late Queen by the hour. He is retired in a pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and has been given a little cottage on the royal estates at Eton to live in.

Three of the five women on the Revolutionary War pension roll are New Englanders. They are Hannah Newell Barrett of Boston, one hundred and three, pensioned by special act as the daughter of Noah Harrod, who served two years as private with the Massachusetts line; Esther S. Damon of Plymouth, Vt., eighty-nine, pensioned as the widow of Noah Damon, who served in the Massachusetts line from April, 1775, to May, 1780; and Rhoda Augusta Thompson of Woodbury, Conn., eighty-two, pensioned by special act as the daughter of Thaddeus Thompson, who served six years as private in Colonel John Lam's New York regiment.

Ex-Governor Ranavaloa of Madagascar has been spending a short holiday in France, by permission of the French authorities. The Queen resides at Algiers, where the government provides her with a house and a miserable pittance that barely allows her to keep herself decently. During the first week of her stay in Paris she was forced to live so modestly that the papers chided the government for

not providing her with an extra allowance of spending money. As a result, sympathizers came to her rescue. One lady loaned her her carriage, others sent her various tickets and invitations, so that she all the while had a fair time.

Robert W. Wilcox, who died in Honolulu on October 24 from consumption, played a prominent part in the political affairs of the Hawaiian Islands. In January, 1895, he led a revolution against the government of Hawaii to restore Queen Liliuokalani to the throne. His plans were a failure, and he was sentenced to death by a court-martial of the Hawaiian Government. On the intervention of the United States, however, the sentence was commuted to thirty-five years' imprisonment at hard labor and a fine of ten thousand dollars. In January, 1896, he was given a conditional pardon by President Dole, and in 1898 a full pardon. In November, 1900, he was elected by the Independent Native party as the first delegate to the Congress of the United States from Hawaii, defeating Samuel R. King, the Republican, and Prince David, the Democratic nominee.

John Alexander Dowie's recent threat to spank the Rev. Dr. Hillis and the Rev. Dr. Henson of Brooklyn recalls the incident in his Western experience which is thought to have been responsible for his hostility to the Plymouth Church minister. Dr. Hillis, in the early stages of Dowie's Chicago evolution, occasionally attended a Zionite service, Dowie knew him well by sight, and was noticeably uncomfortable when he was present. One day "Elijah the Restorer" was explaining to a gaping multitude his own relation to the moral system of the universe. "Men and brethren," said the prophet, "I am not as other religious leaders have been. I am myself. I stand or fall by myself. The first Elijah went gloriously into the desert—probably on a camel. When the Founder of Christianity entered Jerusalem, He rode the beauty of modesty upon an ass. If it comes my hour to triumph—when I enter some great city, through gates flung wide to receive me—I shall know how to go humbly. I shall have not even an ass to carry me. I shall go on foot." From a seat under the tabernacle gallery, and suspiciously near that of Dr. Hillis, came the response: "Quite right, Dowie! One ass will be enough."

Professor Jonathan Hutchinson, the well-known surgeon and expert on leprosy, in a letter to the London "Times" renews his former endeavor to establish the connection between the eating of decayed fish on religious fast days and the spread of that loathsome disease. In India, he points out, where in vast districts fish is forbidden food, the ratio of leprosy is 6 per 10,000; in Colombia, where the consumption of fish is stimulated by religious ritual, the leprosy ratio is nearly 70 per 10,000. Mr. Hutchinson again expresses the hope that the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church will devote earnest thought to the subject.

It is somewhat of a coincidence that Lord Salisbury's will should disclose an estate within a couple of thousands or so of his father's which, thirty-five years ago, was valued at \$1,500,000.

The Premier, Arthur Balfour, is much wealthier than was his uncle, his income, it is said, being about \$350,000 a year. The money came from his grandfather, who earned a vast fortune in India at the beginning of last century by contracting for the navy, making as much as \$1,500,000 in four years. When the income tax was started, the late Boer war it was stated that Mr. Balfour handed over to the inland revenue an amount equal to his salary as Prime Minister. Lord Rosebery is another exceedingly wealthy man who has been Premier. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, was a comparatively poor man, although so skilled at finance. He was fairly wealthy at one time, but unfortunate investments in mines reduced his capital very much.

The French President's Wife.

THE visit of King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena of Italy to Paris brought about a revolution in the status of the wife of the chief magistrate of the French Republic. Until now "Mme. la Presidente" has been to all intents and purposes officially ignored. There has been no place for her on the statutory table of precedence. It was expressly stipulated that she should not be regarded in any sense of the word as an official personage, and to such an extent has this principle been enforced that the President could make no use of a military mounted escort when he had his wife with him. Thus, for instance, points out the Marquis de Fontenay in the New York "Tribune," when he drives each year in state to the Grand Prix at Longchamps, he is unable to have his wife beside him in the carriage, but is obliged to content himself with the company of either the Premier or one of the ministers. He rides in a carriage and four, followed and preceded by a cavalry escort, while "Mme. la Presidente" follows

Hard Arguments.

Coffee Uses Them Whether one Likes or Not.

The ill effects of coffee are present in many coffee drinkers, but some people pay no attention to the warning signals like dyspepsia, insomnia, nervousness, fluttering of the heart, etc., until coffee finally uses a known-down argument, and the sufferer collapses on the part of the coffee drinker.

"I am 30 years old and have drunk coffee since I can remember until four years ago, when I broke down completely with nervous prostration and indigestion. I simply cannot describe the agony I suffered.

"Doctor told me he could not help me if I did not leave coffee alone, so I bought Postum to give it a trial. At first I did not know how to make it and was disappointed in the taste, but after reading the directions on the package carefully, made it right, and then I thought it better than coffee. At that time I weighed 140 pounds and now I weigh 185 pounds; that's quite a gain, isn't it? I never have indigestion now and the headaches are all gone and I am otherwise entirely well and strong. I never had any trouble that was not due to drinking coffee, and these disappeared and health came in their place when I shut off coffee and drank Postum." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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CEYLON TEA. Black, Mixed or Natural Green.

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in a carriage and pair unobtrusively, without any escort. When the Czar and Czarina paid their memorable visit to Paris, neither the wife nor the daughter of President Faure took any official part in the reception of the imperial guests. They were seen nowhere in public with the latter, the President alone accompanying the Czar and Czarina everywhere. Mme. Faure and Mile. Faure did not even appear at the gala opera, and if they were present at the state banquet given in honor of Nicholas and his consort at the Elysee Palace, it was because at Paris they were president.

When monarchs have visited Paris and called at the Elysee it has always been considered in the light of a delicate but unnecessary piece of courtesy when they asked leave before quitting the palace to pay their respects to "Mme. la Presidente," and while every queen and empress who has sojourned on the banks of the Seine has received a call from the President of the Republic, none of them have ever taken the trouble of returning the call at the Elysee on his wife, invariably contenting themselves with merely sending their principal gentlemen-in-waiting or the chief dignitary in their train to acknowledge in their stead at the Elysee the President's courtesy. Last week, however, at the triumphal entry into Paris, at the state banquet, at the gala opera performance, at the grand military review at Vincennes, and at all the other entertainments planned in honor of the royal visitors, Mme. Loubet played an important role.

It is true that there has been reason for this treatment of some of the wives of the former French Presidents. Mme. Grevy, during the Presidency of whose husband much of the ceremonial was arranged and royalties commenced once more to frequent the French capital, was entirely unsuited to social and ceremonial scenes. Queen Victoria spent a few days at Paris when Grevy was president, and while he called upon her at the English embassy, she did not dream of visiting Mme. Grevy, who was ignored in a similar fashion by the now widowed Czarina of Russia, by her mother, the Queen of Denmark, and her sister, Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, when they came to Paris to attend the marriage of the daughter of the French Duke de Chartres to Prince Waldemar of Denmark.

Great ladies in France in the past have seen fit to take their cue from the foreign queens and empresses, and to treat the wife of the President with a disdain that was apparently due more to the fact that she was mistress of Elysee Palace than owing to her personal character. For Mme. Casimir-Perier, a charming woman, related to several houses of the oldest aristocracy, found herself, during her husband's brief tenure of the Presidency, shunned by all the great world in which she had been accustomed to move prior to taking up her residence in the Elysee. Now, however, that Queen Helena of Italy has established a precedent, it may safely be taken for granted that every other foreign empress, queen or royal princess who visits Paris will be obliged to treat the wife of the President with the same consideration and respect, and, this being the case, French society will doubtless follow suit, and honor itself by honoring the woman who occupies for the time the position of the First Lady of France.

London to Have a Gay Winter.

The social outlook for the winter season in London is most promising now that the English royal family is out of mourning, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra have begun to entertain lavishly. The sisters of the King are also throwing off the mantle of sorrow. The papers comment enthusiastically on the recent brilliant dinner-party, followed by a ball, given on the Isle of Wight by Princess Beatrice, the widow of Prince Henry of Battenberg, the handsomest of all the "handsome Battenbergs." Her mourning for Prince Henry has been long and sorrowful, but she would have emerged sooner from the gloom that enshrouded her life for so many years had she been less the principal companion of Queen Victoria, and been allowed to follow the natural bent of her years, for of all the children of the late Queen there are none that seemingly love the pleasant things of this world more than her eldest son, King Edward, and her youngest daughter, Beatrice. According to the London correspondent of the New York "Herald," she is far more attractive than some of the younger members of the royal family in manner and appearance, although prone to stoutness, like Princess Christian, her eldest sister now living, and of late also the dispenser of considerable hospitality at her new, beautiful town house in Pall Mall. The most attractive of the King's sisters is Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, whose London residence is Kensington Palace, where her youngest sister, Princess Beatrice, has also had will to her for life a suite of spacious apartments. Princess Louise has never acted as hostess to any great extent, and even since the accession of her husband as the sixth Duke of Argyll (who has nearly a dozen other hereditary titles in addition, and innumerable posts that increase his income), the expenditure of Princess Louise for purely social hospitality is very limited, both in London and at her Scottish seats.

Power of a Remark Overheard.

A man waiting patiently at the glove counter of a New York department store heard one young showman say to another, as she handed down a box of gloves: "Maria told him downright she'd have nothing more to do with him; and she called him a poison-faced adder,

he gripped her in the waltz that scandalous." This was all! Customers clamored for attention, and the confidante ceased at this point. But the force and richness of the language, the liveliness of the allusion, captivated the hearer's soul. He confessed that, for years afterwards, when he was waltzing with decorous reluctance under the compelling eye of his hostess, memories of Maria's partner would assail him, and he would find himself envying the adder the mysterious nature of his enthusiasm.—New York "Life."

Wasted Indignation.

"Let me see," said the minister, as he was making out the baptismal certificate, "this is the thirteenth, isn't it?" "The thirteenth," exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, but it's only the seventh, and would have been the sixth, only two of 'em were twins."

"The thirteenth—of September," said the minister, mildly, and peace was restored.—Ex.

What shrunk your woollens?
Why did holes wear so soon?
You used common soap.

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A single trial will convince.

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OF TORONTO, Limited

How a Woman Looks at Fiscal Policy.

The following article was written by Mrs. Henry Campbell Osborne and read by her before St. George's Chapter Daughters of the Empire, at Mrs. MacMahon's residence, at one of the Wednesday afternoon meetings of the chapter last month. It is interesting, as the first expression of thought from a woman of Canada to be published regarding one of the questions interesting the people of to-day. Mrs. Osborne, knowing that many of her hearers had not studied the question very exhaustively, made her article as little technical and statistic as possible.

The fiscal question is the most absorbing topic of the hour. No one can foresee the outcome of the bombshell Mr. Chamberlain has thrown into the political camp. But whatever the immediate result may be, its effects will be felt for generations, and it is our duty as Daughters of the Empire to understand something of the outlines of this Imperial freetracker which we are asked as colonialists to pull with Great Britain. So that, though political parties wax and wane, although no definite plan has so far been advanced, we may still grasp firmly in our hands the inside of the cracker (the kernel, so to speak), which is expressed by the one word, *Know-ledge*, and the motto handed down to us by the philosopher Plato: "Justice, self-command and true thought are our salvation." Without knowledge it is impossible to give justice, and our knowledge must be maintained on the broadest lines—not from a party or political point of view, but simply a realization of what these proposals mean to Canada, and whether they make for or against the unity of the Empire. "Thought once awakened does not slumber again," and every intelligent and patriotic woman should endeavor to make up her mind on the wisdom of this question, without regard to phrases or shibboleths. I have not time to lead you through a maze of documentary evidence and statistics. Statistics can be made to prove anything—at least that is my impression on reading the figures for and against the policy, and I am tempted to doubt the old saying, "Figures never lie." The fiscal question, in so far as Mr. Chamberlain's proposals are concerned, has two distinct branches, the first of which does not directly concern us as Canadians, while the second is of vital importance. Briefly speaking the proposal is to reverse the traditional trade policy of Great Britain with which the names of Cobden and Bright are associated. His first proposition is to institute a duty to be paid upon all imports except raw materials into the United Kingdom which have hitherto been admitted free. England is at present the one free market of the world. All nations can send their products for sale to the English market without the payment of duties. Annually more than one hundred million pounds of manufactured articles are dumped by other countries into England, thus displacing British labor, which might have been employed in producing many, if not all, of these articles. On the other hand, every other country has a protective tariff, and English products cannot be sent into their markets for sale without the payment of heavy duties. Mr. Chamberlain states that this one-sided arrangement is the cause of the decline in British trade, and he proposes by the establishment of protective duties to put England in the same position as other countries. Cobden, the apostle of free trade, considered that, if England, the greatest market of the world, established a system of free imports, in a few years all other countries would do the same. The contrary has proved to be the case as other countries have become more and more wedded to protection. This branch of Chamberlain's propaganda is, however, a purely domestic one for Great Britain, and does not directly concern us. I may mention, however, that up to this point we find both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain substantially in accord.

The second proposition advanced by the late Colonial Secretary is to vary or adjust the protective duties on British imports, after they are established, so as to give a preference to the products of all portions of the British Empire over the products of foreign countries. The ideal scheme would be to have free trade within the British Empire and protection against all outsiders, but, as this is not practicable, the system of preferential tariff is advanced as the best substitute. This proposition is of vital importance to every Canadian. Its object is to stimulate trade between the Mother Country and the colonies, and thus form a strong commercial bond of union to reinforce the sentimental tie at present existing. It is a fact that sentiment ultimately flows down the channels which

Happy Days

When Friends say "How Well You Look." What happy days are those when all our friends say "How well you look." We can bring those days by a little care in the selection of food just as this young man did.

"I had suffered from dyspepsia for three years and last summer was so bad I was unable to attend school," he says. "I was very thin and my appetite at times was poor while again it was craving. I was dizzy and my food always used to ferment instead of digesting. Crossness, unhappiness and nervousness were very prominent symptoms."

"Late in the summer I went to visit a sister and there I saw and used Grape-Nuts. I had heard of this famous food before, but never was interested enough to try it, for I never knew how really good it was. But when I came home we used Grape-Nuts in our household all the time and I soon began to notice changes in my health. I improved steadily and am now strong and well in every way, and am back at school able to get my lessons with ease and pleasure, and can remember them too, for the improvement in my mental power is very noticeable and I get good marks in my studies which always seemed difficult before."

"I have no more of the bad symptoms given above, but feel fine and strong and happy, and it is mighty pleasant to hear my friends say, 'How well you look.'" Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

trade has made, and if the trade of the British colonies is turned more and more away from the Mother Country, the bond of sentiment must inevitably become weaker. Self-interest and sentiment walk hand-in-hand in political questions. As the old proverb says, "With-out bread and wine love is cold." Twelve years ago Mr. Cecil Rhodes, then Prime Minister of Cape Colony, wrote letters, which have recently been published, in which he said, "The whole thing lies in the question, Can we invent a tie which will prevent separation (from our Mother Country)? It must be a practical one. The curse is that English politicians cannot see into the future. Mr. Chamberlain says it is only by commercial union and reciprocal preferences that we can lay the foundation of the Confederation of the Empire, to which we all look forward as a brilliant possibility. Canada in 1897 gave an initial rebate of 12 1/2 per cent. in favor of British goods. In 1898 Canada doubled the preference by a clause providing that from August 1st, 1898, all imports from Britain shall come into Canada on payment of a custom duty, 25 per cent. less than that levied on goods from foreign countries." Finally, by the budget of 1900, carried after Paardeberg, the preferential treatment given to the Mother Country was increased from 25 per cent. to 33 1/2 per cent. from July 1st, 1900. England's trade export to Canada was a vanishing export before preference was adopted and in danger of being wiped out by American competition. So complete has been the recovery since then that England has gained six million additional trade since 1897, and the export to the Dominion is larger than the export to Russia, and equal to the average export of the whole of China, and of Hong Kong. A few days ago a Glasgow firm was enabled to secure a larger contract for locomotives in Canada only because the tariff rebate enabled the British builders to make a lower quotation, and to win by a hair's breadth a contract that would otherwise have gone to Philadelphia or Dusseldorf. Hardly a fifth part of the Canadian wheat lands of the future have yet been brought under cultivation. As was stated a few months ago in London, persons are still alive who remember when the whole wheat harvest of Manitoba went down the river in a single vessel. Now that harvest amounts to more than fifty million bushels, a single crop from all the wheat land in the district tributary to Winnipeg, if cultivated, would produce more than the entire world's consumption for one year. A duty of two or three shillings on foreign grain in Great Britain would mean the building up of Canada and a revelation of agricultural possibilities. Canada is now at the beginning of immense developments, and has to face an entirely new situation of the greatest importance to each one of us. We can no longer escape for an indefinite period the necessity of making up our minds, and it will demand from the present moment energy, intelligence, caution, and judgment. We cannot put the perplexing problem aside in sheer irresolution with every wish that preference were practicable, with no conviction that it would be wise, and with the desire to adjourn the whole controversy to the Greek Calends at present given Great Britain something for nothing. Mr. Chamberlain realizes that the Mother Country must treat her children a little better than the foreigner, or she cannot expect even her children to treat her so. We cannot allow ourselves to be led by political sentimentalism, to do anything that will be to the injury of our trade. This is not a matter for repeating pious phrases, as the Thibetans turn praying wheels. It is a case for plain commercial calculation. Shall we lose in foreign markets—shall we gain in British? The gift would be soon off the gingerbread if we found that we lost in foreign trade more than we gained in Imperial preference. "I have a deal of the devil in me," said a rustic character in one of Meredith's novels, "but it's all on the side of the law." Sentiment must play its part, but it must be on the right side of the ledger.

We buy from Germany four times as much as she buys from us, and she is engaged at the present moment in assuming the right to stand between England and Canada and of making impossible any fiscal expression of Imperial Federation. Germany has two tariffs, the first to trade with, the second to fight with. Canada, it is true, did not raise the duties on German goods by a single cent. She only gave England an advantage by comparison. The United States has done the same thing with Cuba and the Philippines, and subjected Germany to the crushing tariffs of the McKinley and Dingley bills. Why, then, is there no retaliation of the United States or the Cuban Republic? "Grandmother, why are your teeth so large?" said Little Red Riding Hood. American teeth in fiscal matters are horribly large.

Germany strained at the Canadian goat while she cheerfully swallowed the American camel. Canada attacked because it is believed she is only in a position to turn the other cheek to the smiter. Wheat from Russia, the United States, Australia and India enters German ports under the minimum tariff of about seven shillings and threepence a quarter. Canadian wheat must pay over eleven shillings. The paralysis of the Mother Country under free trade left her powerless to intervene; otherwise the German game would not be for one moment worth the candle.

But Germany will find we are to be reckoned with, for we have a future, and these faults are those of a youth which mend with time, while the faults of age can never be cured except by oblivion. Britain is still the seed sheet of the Empire, and the seeds she scatters abroad upon the earth are men. The harvests are nations. But whether they rise under the flag or outside the flag, to strengthen or to rival the Empire, whether the living weight of the emigrant population is to be cast into the scales in our favor or against us, that is the most far-reaching and vital of our problems. A British emigrant who settles in Canada becomes a most valuable unit in the strength and wealth of the Dominion. In war he is a unit of defence; in peace he plays a still more important part as a producer of food, or raw material, and, above all, a steady consumer of British manufactured articles. But when a British emigrant, instead of settling under the flag, becomes a citizen of the United States, what hap-

pens? He takes away his saving and the capital value of his personal efficiency. He is a unit lost to British production, a unit lost to the power of the Dominion, and a unit lost to British custom. He works with deadly effect in a commercial sense against the country that bore him and against his fellows at home. Every nerve should be strained for the purpose of inducing the vast majority of the King's subjects who leave the Mother Country to settle under the flag. Year by year to the number of 100,000 annually they are lost to England and to us. We cannot blind ourselves to this deplorable fact. Let a wear what badges of party we like across our foreheads, but do not let them inadvertently slip over our eyes.

If, therefore, we would answer successfully the question we put to ourselves, Is the new fiscal policy a good thing for the British Empire? we must apply ourselves to the serious study of the important question involved, and try to learn something of that industrial machinery which creates the power of the great countries of the world. Mr. Chamberlain is trying to demonstrate that this proposed policy is a good thing in particular for Great Britain and for the colonies in general, and our duty is to make up our mind whether it is a good thing for the Empire in general and for Canada in particular. Mr. Chamberlain proposes to give a preference to our wheat and dairy products, and that would undoubtedly be of great advantage to us. In return, however, he asks an increased preference in our tariff for British manufacturers, and that preference will be found to be the crux of the situation. For it will be very difficult to so arrange our tariff on many articles to give an appreciable advantage to Great Britain, and not do a greater amount of harm to our own Canadian industries. The details of this we must each study for ourselves. On one point at least we are all agreed, whatever our political party or views: that Canadians will make any reasonable sacrifice to advance the prosperity and well-being of the great Empire to which we are all proud to belong. In the dangers which must from time to time threaten, how much better to meet them, as Mr. Chamberlain said in his speech at Glasgow, not as isolated countries, but as a consolidated race, each country of the Empire fortified, strengthened, and buttressed by the kinsmen beyond the seas, by those powerful and continually rising states which speak our common tongue and pay allegiance to our common flag.

Simplest Food Brought Pain

Till Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cured Marie A. Bujold's Dyspepsia—She has had no Return of the Trouble Since.

"For two years my life was a burden. I could not take the simplest food without having a pain across my stomach. I consulted doctors, but they did me no good. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cured me, and I have had no return of the trouble since."

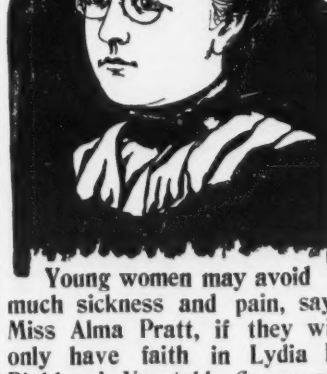
This is the statement of Marie Ann Bujold of Maria Cap, Bonaventure County, Quebec. It is a message of hope and warning to the Dyspepsia burdened people of to-day.

No disease is so common as Indigestion, and it is this very fact that makes it dangerous. It is so common that many people accept it as part of their daily work. They do not stop to think that it is wearing out their bodies, breeding Appendicitis and other immediately dangerous complaints, as well as making them easy victims for any infectious or contagious diseases that may be floating in the air or water.

It is easily cured by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. But remember reading of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will not cure it; taking Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will.

The Retort Discourteous.

She—So you told Miss Youngblood that you thought she was more interesting than I? He—Yes; but I never thought she was interesting, anyway. Ex.



Young women may avoid much sickness and pain, says Miss Alma Pratt, if they will only have faith in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I feel it my duty to tell all young women how much Lydia E. Pinkham's wonderful Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was completely run down, unable to attend school, and did not care for any kind of society, but now I feel like a new person, and have gained seven pounds of flesh in three months."

"I recommend it to all young women who suffer from female weakness."—Miss ALMA PRATT, Holly, Mich.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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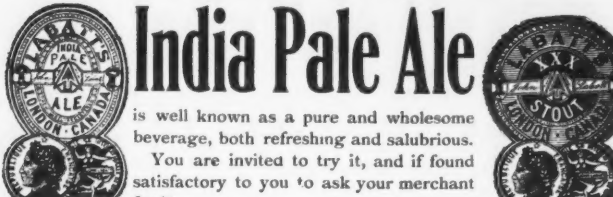
All young girls at this period of life are earnestly invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice; she has guided in a motherly way hundreds of young women; her advice is freely and cheerfully given; her address is Lynn, Mass.

Judging from the letters she is receiving from so many young girls Mrs. Pinkham is inclined to the belief that our girls are pushed altogether too near the limit of their endurance nowadays in our public schools and seminaries; less learning and more health needed.

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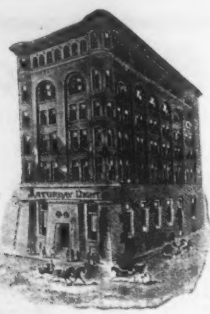
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THE DRAMA

THE new comic opera, "The Yankee Consul," presented at the Princess Theater this week, has met with distinct success. Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, as principal, taking the part of Abijah Boozie, "American Consul in Puerto Plata," is quite worthy of the enthusiasm he evokes. He throws himself heart and soul into his work, and is so droll and appears so absolutely natural that he wins his audiences over at once. Owing to his wild propensities, he has been sent from his home in New York, and being a "remittance man," like many another of that particular class, he finds funds scarce, and determines to win the hand and fortune of Donna Teresa Ribera y Uruburu, a wealthy widow, who is also blessed with a charming young daughter, Bonita, and an equally attractive niece, Papinta. Boozie finally succeeds in his undertaking, his courtship being rather unique and extremely amusing to the onlookers. The role of the fair one, who succumbs to his wiles, is taken by Miss Eva Davenport, who plays the part to perfection, while those of Bonita and Papinta are admirably enacted by Miss Flora Zabelle and Miss Rose Botti. They have attractive voices and are each endowed with a pleasing stage presence. Mr. Harry Fairleigh as Lieutenant-Commander Jack Morrell, an "American" who visits Boozie and falls in love with the widow's daughter, and Mr. Hubert Wilke, as Captain Leopoldo of the Dominican army, who lays siege to the heart of the niece, do good work, and render several songs most satisfactorily; but the "hits" lie in those by Mr. Hitchcock. One encore after another is demanded, when he sings his new successes, "Ain't it funny what a difference just a few hours make?" and "In the days of old." Graceful dances are interspersed throughout the piece, one, "The San Domingo," by Miss Anne St. Tel, being well received. Several other members of the company are particularly good. The stage settings are gorgeous and most artistic, and though in places the fun is just a trifle forced, the whole performance is really clever and original, and likely to meet with a very successful season.

If the manager of the Majestic Theater had ardently wished to secure for this week a complete contrast to "Mary of Magdala" and "Hedda Gabler," he could not have found it in any play more fully than in "Hearts of Oak." James A. Herne's comedy drama, which has been the attraction there for the last six days. The play is utterly harmless, mildly amusing, and domestic in the extreme. In fact, a very placid baby is the most observed character in the third act. The scene is Marblehead, Massachusetts, and, from a spectacular standpoint, the storm and rescue at the close of the first act are the finest part of the play. The romance underlying the drama is of an Enoch Arden nature, and one is disposed to wonder why the first husband, who has sailed away and has so conveniently died in alien lands, always returns to disturb his old friends and his consoling widow. Of course he always really dies within a week of his awkward return. But he is becoming an extremely hackneyed character, whose first death it is impossible to take seriously. The audience, however, need not have shown such mirth in the last act when the hero was finally departing. Both the comic and the pathetic elements were of an obvious nature, and it was a curious circumstance that the few subtly tender touches were, to the dismay of the discerning, greeted as something remarkably funny. It might be suggested that, in the last act, the memorial to the first husband should be a less conspicuous feature. It makes the second husband a rather ghastly affair. James Herne plays the part of Terry Dennison, the faithful and sacrificing hero, in a simple, straightforward fashion that satisfies the popular conception of such a character. Bernadine Risse makes a very sweet and ingenious Chrystal, and has a dainty feminine charm. The old sailor, Owen, is excellently played by J. Leonard Clarke, whose spirited bit of acting in the first scene is the best thing in the play. Altogether, "Hearts of Oak" is clean, homely, and decidedly commonplace.

The new play, "A Prince of Tatters," has drawn good houses this week at the Grand. Mr. Al H. Wilson, in the title role, winning for himself added popularity with theater-goers in Toronto. Possessed of a good stage presence, a clear tenor voice—into which he throws much expression—and the faculty for making things "go," which adds much to the success of the present production, he is deserving of the hearty reception accorded him. He is given able support by the company, which includes Mr. Ross O'Neill, Mr. Fred A. Sullivan, Miss Janette Farrell, Miss Fannie Bloodgood, and last, but not least, among others worthy of mention, Little Bessie Burt, who poses as "a privileged character." The action of the piece is laid in old New York, in the year 1790, and is based upon the incidents following the acquisition of New Amsterdam by the English, shortly after the period of Dutch occupancy. It introduces some stirring situations, a charming element of romance and some rather pretty music, and judging from the large audiences, evidently proves altogether satisfactory to the average play-goer.

Were it not for a few extremely off color witticisms, the programme this week at Shea's would be an entertaining one. It is well chosen and each turn is good of its kind. Trapeze acts, and especially feminine ones, are not favorably received here. It must be admitted, however, that Mira Amoro's exhibition of physical perfection is far above the ordinary ones seen in Toronto. Charles Kenna is splendid. As "The Fakie" his turn abounds in clever songs and sayings. Mr. Kenna is a conscientious worker and scores every point worth scoring in a remarkably original monologue. It must be extremely embarrassing to a refined artist like Miss Lucy Jocelyn to confront a house full of people who, because her name happened to be omitted from the programme, giggled and altogether behaved disgracefully on Monday evening. Those who knew anything of music, however, were soon convinced of the charming performer's ability—and by the time she had finished her first selection, which was a difficult classic charmingly rendered, the majority of those in front had come to their senses. For an encore Miss Jocelyn sang very sweetly



Bathing Girls in the "Prince of Pilsen."

"The Last Rose of Summer." Duffy, Sawtelle and Duffy's skit is built entirely to show off the exceptional abilities of Master Jimmie Duffy. He is a precocious youngster and some of his work is most enjoyable. His first song, however, is hardly suitable for such a little chap. Jimmie takes it for granted that he has made a most remarkable hit, as his little curtain speech implies. McMahon's Watermelon Girls are not any too good. The scenery is effective but not first-class, and the voices and costumes are certainly neither one nor the other. Two clever Germans, "Carlin and Otto," present an amusing song and dance act. "Everhart" is certainly master of his art, and his exhibitions of hoop manipulation are marvelous. A fair bar act and the kinetograph, together with Cooke and Rother's comedy acrobatic turn, close the week's bill.

Unquestionably much of the popularity enjoyed by "The Prince of Pilsen" is due to its music—wonderful, it is said, in the sense that all of its nineteen numbers are successes. Playgoers of Toronto are familiar with the dainty theme of "The Message of the Violet," the poetry of "The Tale of a Seashell," for these appeal to the sentimental side of all of us. Men folk are delighted with "Pictures in the Smoke," as it is essentially "a man's song," and is as charming in idea as "The Reveries of a Bachelor." It is a stirring call to arms—"Fall in!"—and the tableau at the end of the second verse is really fine. Then there is "Heidelberg," sung by a male octette, one of the daring innovations introduced by Henry W. Savage, who goes on the plan that primarily a chorus is put into a musical composition to be sung, hence the fame of "The famous Savage choruses." "The Song of the Cities" has been greeted with greater favor than anything seen in musical comedy or light opera in years. The prima donna sings a verse extolling the virtues of Boston, and out comes a girl dressed in old Puritan garb, and does a little dance to the air of "Yankee Doodle." The San Francisco girl wears a scarlet dress, heavily shot with gold, and captures the audience by dancing to "There'll be a Hot Time." Just why this should be typical of "Frisco" is explained by the fact that the troops going to the Philippines always play this air as the transport goes down the bay. So it goes—Chicago, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Washington, St. Louis and Toronto all being presented. "Walk, Mister, Walk," is one of the new songs, which has met with instant favor. "It Was the Dutch" is said to be the best topical song in years; but, to put it all in a nutshell, the score of "The Prince of Pilsen" is being played by the bands of the army and navy and is whistled all over the country. This work of Pixley and Luders will be seen for the first time here at the Princess Theater Monday, November 16th, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

For next week Mr. Shea offers the Fadette Orchestra of Boston, which will make its first appearance in this city. This is the greatest women's orchestra in existence and a musical organization that has received the praise of musicians in every large city of the United States. In addition to the Fadettes, there will be a big vaudeville bill, including the Werner-Amoros troupe, pantomimists, jugglers and comedians; Hayes and Healy, Ward and Curran, Bonnie Thornton, Pate Baker and Frank O'Brien.

Lawn-Bowling.

LAWN bowlers cling to the game as tenaciously as the fisher who clings to the closing year, and any afternoon some of the lawns are visited by members bound to keep up their practice for the coming season.

That progressive club, the Canadas, are making great improvements on their lawn. They have commenced operations on an extension which will give them eighteen rinks, thereby providing a space the largest in the city.

So the old Granite is not clear of its troubles yet, as the Bank of Commerce is suing for \$24,093.61 on one hundred and fifty debentures and interest thereon. It is understood that the club will enter a defence.

The matter of holding the Dominion tournament for 1904 will soon have to be considered. I learn that the Ontario Jockey Club, while in favor of laying out a green say 500 feet by 120 feet, cannot undertake to do so in 1904, as they contemplate making extensive improvements to the track and stands, but the probabilities are that 1905 shall see the largest tournament yet held in Canada under the auspices of the Woodbine Bowling Association. It is the consensus of opinion among bowlers that a more ideal location for a tournament than the Woodbine cannot be found in Canada.

The trip of the Ontario Bowling Association representatives to Great Britain and Ireland is now an assured fact, and the following extract from a letter received from the secretary of the Belfast, Ireland, club will be read with interest:

"I was very much pleased to find that the Ontario Bowling Association has decided to accept the invitation of the United Bowling Associations of this country and send a team to the Mother Country during the summer of 1904.

"I have been in communication with the secretary of the Scottish Bowling Association, W. H. Hamilton, Esq., who is a personal friend of my own, also Mr. W. Stonehewer, London, secretary of the English Bowling Association, and it is our intention to join hands and work as one man in carrying out the arrangements for your visit.

"Mr. Hamilton submitted a draft letter, which had my approval, and if you confine all your communications to the said gentleman this will simplify matters, and both Mr. Stonehewer and myself will loyally support Mr. Hamilton in carrying out all arrangements.

"In Ireland, the bowling community is small, and mostly confined to Belfast; and up to the present time we have not had the advantage of an association. But negotiations are presently on foot to establish an Irish Bowling Association, and by the time you come here I quite expect we shall be fully fledged.

"The Hand Book of the Canadian Lawn Bowlers, which you kindly promised to send me, is not yet to hand. I should esteem it a favor to receive a copy.

"Wishing you and all Canadian bowlers every success, I hope you will all winter it well, and when the spring and summer come again, and favorable weather enables you to cross the great Atlantic, I am sure you will find a warmth of welcome, not only in the home of the Roses, "Proud England," but also where the Thistle grows on the hills and dales of Bonnie Scotland, the bowler's paradise, and last, though perhaps not least, where the modest little Shamrock grows, in the green isle of Erin."

Snaso—This souvenir habit is getting to be something fierce. Rodd—I should say so. I know of a man who visited a friend and took his friend's wife as a souvenir.

Is There a Yellow Peril?

THE history of mankind begins in Asia. For ages the progress of the race was chiefly there. Then it was Europe. To-day it is largely in America. But all men are looking toward Asia as a field for future operations second to none in importance in any other portion of the globe.

In the first place, it has a land mass equal to three-tenths of the territory of the globe, and it supports over three-fifths of the world's population. Six of the eleven great river systems of the globe are in Asia. In northern forests and in the varied features of temperate and tropical zone life, it exceeds any other continent. From it have come a surprising number of the cereals and domestic animals of present-day utility.

There is no more important possibility in the affairs of the Far East than that of the alliance of Japan and China for defensive, and perhaps offensive, purposes. This constitutes what is known as "the Yellow Peril," concerning which Augustine Heard, formerly United States Minister to Korea, and a widely recognized authority upon East Asian matters, says that "there is a Yellow Terror," and that it "lies in the close alliance and friendship of China and Japan."

In a recent discussion of present tendencies, Mr. Heard says that nothing would give Japan more heartfelt satisfaction than a triumph of the East over the West under her leadership, and that to this end she needs only China. Japan has a large and rapidly increasing army and a powerful navy which has been built up largely under English influences and advice. "One can see at a glance what a formidable combination would be the countless millions of China with the trained intelligence of Japan." Mr. Heard declares that sooner or later this fusion is bound to come. China appears to be preparing herself for another attempt to free herself from foreign intrusion and Japan is whispering to China: "Why shouldn't we work together? I hate the foreigner as much as you do. Together we can do great things. Separate, we are feeble." Whenever the intellects of the East and West have been pitted against each other, it is not the Eastern which has shown inferiority. When the East has failed it has been in material power, and Japan supplies in that element what China lacks. Japan has surprised the world by the rapidity and thoroughness with which she has assimilated Western methods. When these two nations come together frankly and freely, what European forces can stand against them on their own soil? Of course the Eastern men would endeavor to profit by a moment when there is discussion among the Western powers. When that time comes Europe may well beware. There will then be no question of dividing China, but Europe may shudder at the thought of being overrun herself. So says Mr. Heard.

In connection with the above, it is remarked that while the present movement by European powers in Asia has been more successful than any previous movement, neither Russia nor Great Britain has as yet obtained deep and permanent influence over the millions of Asiatics. There is no evidence that the British have accomplished more in India than the Romans accomplished in Britain. The separatism of the Asiatic mind from that of the West is not essentially diminishing. Though adopting much of Western inventions and methods Asia, so far from submitting to the guidance of Europe, shows an apparently fixed determination not to follow it.

"The Silver Poppy."

Mr. Arthur Stringer, the author of "The Silver Poppy," sent the following lines to a friend who had written enquiring if it was true that the character of "John Hartley" was autobiographical:

You ask if I, as tongues protest,
Bared here my heart for men to see.
Bared here my heart!—This stands a jest,
Old friend, between my God and me!

For I ten hundred hearts can claim;
Mad blends of Rogue, Ascetic, Saint,
White Virtue crowning like a flame
Black gulfs unproved we dare not paint!

Villon to-day, to-morrow Paul,
The Wolf confounded with the Lamb;
Indeed, Dear Friend, I show not all,
Who know not yet the thing I am!

Carriage Appointments.

WHEN a man succeeds in business, and his wife induces him to set up a carriage, it is desirable that he should acquaint himself with the little et cetera that are as essential as horses to a properly turned-out equipage, and which, when overlooked, as is so very easily done, and so frequently the case, show, as plainly as if there were no hall-mark on his plate, that the owner does not know the correctness of things, and has not been brought up to "carriage life."

In the Old Country a gentleman can entrust these details to his coachman. But here, where there are so few coachmen who really know their business, and who have not jumped into it from some trade or occupation entirely different, without any better training than they could acquire in a livery stable, the owner himself will have to be chief critic of the appearance of his team, at least if he wishes to own a turnout which will not, in its erroneous details, plainly indicate to the initiated the stamp of the nouveau riche.

As in correct dress, and good breeding, so in carriage appointments, it is the small points that tell. How could people complacently roll along in their Victorias, feeling secure in the knowledge that their horses are steady, and enjoying hearing the rattle and clink of their pole-chains—how could they, if they knew that to wear pole-chains when a coachman is driving is most incorrect?

And yet, that is so. If the owner handles the lines, to have chains is quite right, and, as many think, a decided improvement; but when the coachman drives pole-straps alone should be used.

Usually these small but important distinctions depend upon whether it be the master or servant who is driving. Another instance of this is found in the matter of loin-straps. When the master is driving they are not to be used, but when the coachman is on the box they should appear.

Now, the rule is reversed if it be a lady who drives. In her case, loin-straps are used, because a lady has to use as much harness as possible, and a gentleman the least he can do with.

There are many other points, but sufficient have been given to show how easy it is, even when looking well, to be wrong in the matter of carriage appointments. The deficiency is one that is easily remedied to a degree. Any of the best harness and saddle makers in London or New York will, on application, supply one of their guides to correct appointments and liveries.

These little brochures, usually very neatly got up, supply a fund of information which, even if known by the gentleman, may not be common knowledge in his harness-room. And, as it is essential for the servant to be as well posted as the master, anyone who makes any pretense whatever at keeping a smart turnout, and who, maybe, has a limited idea as to what are the correct appointments under certain circumstances, should procure one of these little guides from a really first-class establishment.

The guide will not keep everything right, but it will help, and save glaring blunders. For which small mercies one might have reason to be thankful.

Popular Airs.

ONE time it was "McGinty" whose adventures at the bottom of the sea took possession of the whistling and organ-grinding world; later it was "Mr. Dooley." Now it is "Hiawatha," which is described as "the mad melody that will not stop." Men have gone insane, it is said, from too much "Hiawatha," a "catchy" melody to be sure, but without the dash and go of "Mr. Dooley." "Hiawatha" has not yet crossed the ocean; "Mr. Dooley" has. During the summer just past I spent a few weeks in North Wales writing the editor of the "Critic." While lying one day in the heather at the top of a mountain a thousand feet above the village of Penmaenmawr, with nothing but the occasional note of a bird to break the silence, up from the village below came the sound of a hand organ and the strains of "Mr. Dooley" were wafted to the mountain top. "Is there no escape from this all-pervading tune?" I thought, as I wandered farther back up the mountain to get rid of it, but all the way I stepped in time to the music that I thought I had left behind me in New York. Later in the season I

crossed over to Paris. One evening I was driving back of the open-air theaters that line the Champs Elysees. Stopping the carriage for a moment, I said to the friend who was with me: "Wait a minute and you will hear a characteristic French song." I had scarcely spoken the words when "Mees-ter Dooley" floated out over the lanterns and "fairy lights" and above the noise of the popping corks.

Confetti.

SUCCESS is the hammer with which we strike the world and find it hollow.—"Flotsam." Fierce emotions are necessarily transient, but for the hour they exhaust the psychic capacity.—"The Wings of the Morning."

Laughter is often nothing but the froth of tears.—"Bar-lash of the Guard."

Civilization grows senile; but the soul is always young. Witness stoutly for the soul and you shall renew the youth of the world.—"The Religion of Democracy."

As the tree is nurtured by its own cast leaves so it is these dead men and vanished days which may bring out another blossoming of heroes, of rulers and of sages.—"The Adventures of Gerard."

Talent is a combination of the desire to do and the ability to accomplish.—"Don Orsino."

A man to whom life is a jest usually loves a woman to whom it is a prayer.—"The Naulahka."

When a man stumbles over a commandment, it's the commandment that goes to pieces, not the man.—"While Charlie Was Away."

With true love I do not think there is any question of price. It is an absolute surrender without terms.—"The Turquoise Cup."

Every blessing is no doubt mixed; even one so overwhelming as the discovery of the elixir of perpetual youth.—"The Touchstone of Life."

To maintain that a man's character is determined for good or ill by the circumstances chance throws in his way, by the gay or sorry tricks fate plays him, has ever seemed to me a folly.—"The Garden of Lies."

Remove itself cannot be so strong as the injured vanity of a profoundly selfish heart.—"The School for Saints."

There is nothing more enticing, disenchanting and enslaving than the life at sea.—"Lord Jim."

"Speaking sharp seldom does so much good except to them as speaks."—"The Farringtons."

We spend our lives under Fate's ruler, trying to understand, while she raps us over the knuckles every other minute.—"Adam Johnstone's Son."

He had spent his existence among beings to whom nothing seemed natural which did not depart most earnestly from all that nature is and teaches.—"Robert Orange."

Don't count your audience before the play's accepted.—"Journey's End."

A man is much more than the mere sum of his actions.—"Birrell's 'William Hazlitt.'"

The snob thinks most of the treatment he receives from the world; the gentleman thinks first how he shall act courteously to others.—"The Heart of Rome."

Exciting Fight With a Buck.

The Owen Sound "Advertiser" gives an account of a most curious fight with an enraged stag. It says:

"After an exciting encounter with a big deer which on very slight provocation made an attack upon their boat and gave them a three hours' engagement in the course of which time their lives were frequently in imminent jeopardy. Messrs. Richard Day and Arthur Stone of this town succeeded in capturing the animal. The young men, accompanied by a boy, on Tuesday morning engaged an ordinary sixteen-foot rowboat from Abbey Bros.' boat-house, and started on a trolling expedition down the bay. They had little idea of the events which were to take place or the character of the game they were going to bring home, and were armed with only their trolling outfit and the two pairs of oars belonging to the boat. About one o'clock p.m. they saw an object in the water about midway between Presque Isle on the left side of the bay and Pine Point on the east. On rowing up it was found to be a fine deer with branching antlers which indicated him to be a patriarch in his class. He was swimming leisurely about, and our fishermen had no difficulty in running the bow of the boat against him, but with a result which they little expected. The buck immediately turned and with a baa of defiance made for the boat, turning over on his side and raining blows with his nimble feet against it, with the effect of showering water upon the occupants. Then it tried to get into the boat, but oars were brought into play and he was thrown or beaten back, not, however, without inflicting a blow on Day's leg just above the knee. This commenced the engagement which lasted well through the afternoon, in the course of which every tactic at the disposal of both deer and man was adopted in order to obtain the mastery. The boy was terrified at the conflict and lay close in the stern of the boat. At one time Stone caught hold of the animal's antlers, but the strength it exhibited showed that with such unsteady foothold as the rowboat afforded this was a dangerous act. Again, one of them secured a hold on one of its hind feet, thinking by hoisting up its hind quarters to get its head under water and drown it; but a kick which nearly sent him flying over the opposite side of the boat convinced him that this method would not work. Finally after some manoeuvring, Day got hold of the stumpy tail, and the buck swam for quite a time, hither and thither, until quite exhausted. Even after this it attacked the boat again, but was finally overcome and towed to the Leith shore, where it was landed and bled. It was brought to town in the evening, and when skinned and dressed tipped the scales at 225 pounds. It was found to have a charge of small shot in its back, and is supposed to have entered the water to escape from hounds which were heard on the Keppel shore."

Extracts from a New Canadian Cable Service.

As suggested by Ottawa "Events."

London, Oct. 29.—The London "Globe" declines to believe that the Canadian Government will be so niggardly as to refuse the Hon. J. Israel Bernier the \$60,000 necessary to find the North Pole. The paper adds that it presumes Mr. Bernier will give up his Ministerial position if he departs on the proposed trip.

London, Oct. 30.—The St. James' "Gazette" in its issue of to-day says: "The reception given to Mr. Borden at Montreal yesterday reveals the high esteem in which the Minister of Militia is held by the people whose military spirit he so admirably represents."

London, Oct. 30.—"Merry England" in its issue of yesterday describes the visit of Bandmaster Rogan and his Coldstream Guard Band to Canada as one of the great events in building up the mighty Empire upon which the sun never sets. The bandmaster himself is kind enough to give the Canadian people a tribute of his respect. His joy is somewhat marred by the knowledge that Mr. Houston, the Canadian who managed the tour, made an undue proportion of money out of the trip.

London, Oct. 31.—A distinguished Canadian who is traveling in England incognito said to a reporter of the Birmingham "Post" that in his opinion the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is a greater statesman than has been. He added that England was aflame with indignation at the failure of either House of Parliament in Canada to pass a resolution endorsing Mr. Chamberlain. Notwithstanding this omission Mr. Chamberlain continues to uphold Canada's interests and to voice her strong desire for closer union with the Empire.

London, Oct. 31.—The Canadian correspondent of the "Empire Review" in a letter to that paper says that the feeling in Canada is very strong in favor of the English people going to the polls and voting for a revision of their tariff. The correspondent at the same time admits that the feeling of Canadians would be against any interference from England with their domestic concerns. It is felt, however, that in the interests of the Empire the time has arrived when something should be done, or it may be too late.

Practical, Not Platonic.

He—Now that you have made me the happiest of mortals, can I kiss you? She (Girton girl)—Never having had any personal experience of your osculatory abilities, Mr. Gesner, I do not know if you can, but you may.

Cleverton—For a man who has been in love with ten girls in three weeks, you look pretty well. Daahaway—Yes, I have been getting regular and systematic exercise.—"Life."

Henri Bourassa.

HAD any rash seer, in the spring of 1900, foretold that the buoyant French-Canadian, M. Henri Bourassa, would be delivering a lecture on the loyalty of his people in a Toronto hall on the night of the King's Birthday, 1903, the prophecy would have been greeted with incredulous scorn and the prophet would have found himself without honor. But, in the words of a French saying, "we have changed all that," and M. Henri Bourassa, on the evening of last Monday, found himself facing a friendly, though curious, audience. Yea, in Toronto, the stronghold of Imperialism, the home of Colonel George T. Denison, the sacred soil whereon the foot of the annexer shall never tread, the courteous gentleman who opposed the sending of Canadian contingents, who even hinted that we "didn't ought" to be fighting the people of Orono, was given enthusiastic welcome. Nor did the enthusiasm wane. It would be safe to join the goodly fellowship of the prophets after the event and to declare that the second time M. Bourassa comes to Toronto, Massey Hall will have to break all rules and have seats in the aisles. There is no need to speak of him as a coming man—he has arrived. He came, he spoke, and whom he did not convince he charmed. The people breathed freely when James L. Hughes, Esq., proceeded to take the chair, and the most timid felt a sense of utter security for the Empire when the form of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins appeared on the platform. Truly, the philosopher had cause for mindful reflection as he gazed on the worthy citizens who surrounded the lecturer of the evening. Toronto is by this time familiar with the substance of the speech, but only those wise citizens who were hearers can appreciate the magnetism of the speaker.

M. Bourassa is slight and graceful in form and is of medium height. He has a clear, dark complexion, and his regular features are at their best when lighted by an extremely genial smile. His face is unmistakably French, with the mobility and bonhomie that distinguish the best of the race. As he won sympathy and applause from his hearers his eyes flashed and his whole aspect showed his earnestness of feeling. But there was no theatrical display, no striving for effect. His hands are most eloquent. They are small, of striking shapeliness and of vivacious appeal. Only a Frenchman could have claimed or surrendered so much by gesture. If he were dumb, those hands could tell his story and move an assembly. If the people had been deaf they would still have learned something of French-Canadian loyalty. Had they been blind, they would have carried his liquid voice in memory. But, fortunately, they were able to see, to hear and to applaud. Many, who differed most decidedly from the speaker, had come to criticize, but they remained to shake that effective right hand.

M. Bourassa was frank with his audience from the first. Now, there is frankness and frankness. There is the quality that prides itself on saying disagreeable things in the bluntest way, with a coldly harsh voice. And there is the



Old Man Ontario—I wouldn't ask you to break your confidence, Dr. Chown, but do you ever talk in your sleep?

KNOWS, BUT WON'T TELL.

feminine virtues that the less strenuous French partner may possess, and eloquently added, "But wait till the home is attacked; see if the mother will not defend her children." Not for a moment did M. Bourassa forget that he was speaking to a British audience of intense convictions. His independence was not more marked than his courtesy. There can be no doubt that the audience that heard Henri Bourassa in Association Hall last Monday night listened to an orator. He has every gift of the man whose words and personality are to sway his fellows, and let us be proud that we have such a Canadian. No one who heard him can question his common-sense or his loyalty. He has come at a time when pride in our Canada—the spirit of the native-born—is very strong. But he uttered no inflaming word, no syllable of disparage. While we may not agree with all his views, we must admit that they were well taken and defended with grace and spirit. The audience showed the utmost enthusiasm in appreciation of his eloquence. Let us give the brilliant Frenchman—the patriotic Canadian—his due, and even as W. H. Drummond spoke of his grandfather, let us say "Salut Henri!"

CANADIENNE.

An Arithmetical Mind.

I'm very systematic in my library, and so my books I range upon their shelf in this well-ordered row. Now first comes "The One Woman," of course that heads the line. And next, "The Two Van Revels," a novel really fine.

Then we see "Three Men in a Boat," not new, but very good. And "The Four Feathers" follow that, as you supposed it would.

"Five Little Peppers" next—a juvenile, and just a dear. Then Mary Wilkins' "Six Trees," clever, but rather queer.

"The Seven Seas," ah, there's a book! its rhythm fairly swirls! And then "Eight Cousins," just the thing for big or little girls.

Then "Hornes Nine," a lively book of shining tales and bright. And "Tennyson" completes the row, which brings it out just right.

Ah, yes, it really gives me satisfaction great, to know my books consecutively stand in such methodic row. CAROLYN WELLS.

About Gas and Gassy People.

GAS is what is the matter with the man who wants to say something about everything, and hasn't got sense enough to say anything about nothing. There is no particular reason for the gas complaint; it comes on at any time, and is out of place at all times. The gas victim can wind himself up quite as well by the sands of the sea in summer as by the puddles in the park in winter; or he is open to prepare candidates for situations in lunatic asylums at their own homes free of charge. Few things are more appalling in this world of sin and sorrow than to be shut up in a railway carriage with a man who has got the complaint badly. After one experience you feel you would rather dine at Gatti's at someone else's expense, than endure it again.

The man who has got the gas works laid on in a business-like manner, and who is gifted with an extra square inch of muscle in the lower jaw, is pretty certain to be a well-developed, robust, healthy liar. He can't help it. At the rate he talks he exhausts the entire available resources of truth in the first round; and if he didn't lie after that he wouldn't have to stop talking, and if he stopped talking he wouldn't say anything. This is genuine. The gaseologist likes best to be let loose in the family circle, where he can talk of his pure-blue-blood relatives on his maternal grandmother's side, till you begin to wonder what the old lady wears on her chest and back. He goes on a fishing excursion with two small boys and a worm, and comes back to tell everybody what nobody wants to know. He breaks in on your domestic felicity like a bad spirit, with a powerful odor of the same surrounding him, and then he sits down on the edge of the baby's cradle and says it's as true as he stands there that those two fishes together weighed more than either one of them, and that he'd have caught them both as sure as anything if they hadn't got away.

The peculiar variety of gas complaint that crawls over a man at a ginger-beer-guzzle-and-glory temperance tea is as likely as not to put his brains out of joint. The patient who comes off worst has got the gas laid on well in the direction of his mispent youth. He simply makes his audience a present of his past, as it were. He tells them how he started in business for himself, with daddy's blessing and a postage stamp, and before a year had passed he had squandered it all. He wipes away a tear, and briefly mentions that he used to come home every night about three o'clock in the morning, in a high-colored state of drunk, and knock out a couple of his wife's front teeth just to start the fun; and then he'd put the baby up the kitchen chimney, and take the door-scraper to bed with him to keep his feet warm. Oh, yes, gas is a regular bank holiday for a man like that.

For a real show of all-wool, satin-lined, town-made gas, however, the modern young man scoops the pool. He lays himself out to become a gay dog, and never gets further than the puppy stage. From the way he talks, you would think the chief qualities necessary for success in life nowadays are the ability to knock John L. Sullivan over the ropes in three rounds. All the girls in his suburb are just jining away for his sake; and he proudly exhibits to his intimate friends two or three locks of hair of different colors that have been sent to him from time to time as samples. He doesn't go to the office for the sake of salary, but just to pass away

the time till the manager of the Bank of England resigns, when, of course, he'll get appointed to the vacancy.

The gas mania is not necessarily restricted to the years of maturity. In some cases the old proverb comes home, about the boy being father to the man—though, personally, I am not acquainted with any boys who have grown up sons. The complaint begins to assert itself at that period when the small boy is told where wicked people go to who don't tell the truth; and then he starts testing the matter for himself, to see if there is any bottom to the rumor.

The best effort of the kind may be expected from the small boy who has been reading up Dick Turpin, and who makes all his schoolmates turn green with envy as he recounts how he dashed bravely into somebody's orchard, and how, when he was surrounded, he backed up against a tree and breathed the word "mother" with one hand while he kept two men and a dog at bay for half an hour with the other.

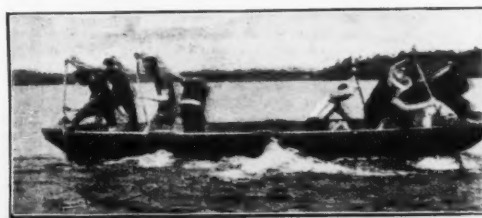
Gas is not a stranger to the female persuasion, as witness when the down-trodden landlady brings up your tea, and, wiping the corner of her apron on the end of her nose, pathetically explains that she wasn't always like this. And in your inmost heart you fervently hope that she is right—that there may have been a time when she used to wash her face.

And then there is the single young lady, whose gas-meter runs everlastingly on the subject of matrimony, who tells you that she could have been married a hundred times over if she'd wanted to. But she didn't want to. She quite overlooks the simple fact that for the performance of the unusual feat in question she must either have become a female Brigham Young on amateur lines, or else that her experience of the death-rate of husbands would have been rather larger than is generally the result of accident or natural causes.

And, lastly, there is the married lady of gaseous proclivities, who likes to have you understand that she married beneath her. Most women do, as a matter of fact. If you can find a woman who will own up that she has married above her position, she will be a wonder—"Pick-Me-Up."

Tug-of-War in a Punt.

This is a tug-of-war on the water at Healy's Lake, Ontario. The boat is a punt used for "cadding" baggage in the wilderness; the idea of a tug-of-war on the water was the suggestion of Dr. Joel M. Ingersoll of Rochester, New York.



The occupants of the boat are "Lafayette, Indiana, Indians." On the left, Willie Coffroth, Horace De Hart, Fred Severson and Frank Wiltach; on the right, Charles Ball, John Sample, Ed Moore and Cloxton Wiltach. The left-enders "walked away" with those on the right.—T. J. Wiltach, New York.

The Papal Foreign Secretary.

THE Pope is said to be a Carlist. Undoubtedly he is a friend of Carlos, who often had him to dine at the Loredan Palace, when Pius exercised spiritual authority over him as Patriarch of Venice. However, His Holiness wished to enter into paternal relations with the reigning family of Spain. To this end he sent his portrait—an enlarged photograph—to the King by a Spanish baron, Count Trinitario, Father Eugenio, who is back in Rome and has been received by Pius at the Vatican. He and another Spanish member of the same Order expressed to the Pope the joy of their compatriots at the appointment of Monsignor Merry del Val—well known to Canadians as a former Papal Legate at Ottawa—to the Secretaryship of State for Foreign Affairs. "What do you mean," asked Pius, "by calling him a Spaniard? He is English. His mother is an Englishwoman." "Why," returned Father Eugenio, "she herself has told me that she is of Spanish birth; she drew her first breath in Spain, and her father was a Spaniard." The Pope gently smiled and said, "I know that she is English." The Trinitarian, emboldened by the smile, made a sign of dissent, and the words, "But, Holy Father," had hardly time to fall from his lips when the Sovereign Pontiff cut him short by saying emphatically, "I know." Father Eugenio could go no farther. This conversation should be a cause of perplexity to the compilers of the Roman "Who's who," and to biographers of the new Secretary of State.

Monsignor Merry del Val is one of the eminent Churchmen—including Monsignor Chigi, Czaiky, Granito di Belmonte, and Cardinal Vaughan—in whose company I dined at parties small enough to hear and see them well. The new Secretary of State at the Vatican is the least homme du monde of any of the Monsignori with whom I have been acquainted, if we take that term in a broad sense, though he is a man to shine in an aristocratic drawing-room, and could with advantage have figured in Disraeli's last novel. But he is the most cosmopolitan, perhaps, of all the Monsignori, and is equally at home in Ireland (with which he is connected by his mother), in England (also through her), and—through long periods of family connections, the facility with which he learns languages is almost phenomenal, and he speaks and writes the tongues of the different countries I have named, including Flemish. His father represented Spain in Rome and London, where Monsignor Merry del Val came out at the Coronation as extra Nuncio. He had previously gone on a special mission to Canada, to settle some thorny matters, and succeeded through the help of Sir W. Laurier.

Leo XIII. took a fancy to Monsignor Merry del Val for

his refinement, innate elegance, and Latinity. He and the present Pope were among the few who did not set the extremely sensitive nerves of the late Pope on an edge.

It would be hard to say, on being presented to Monsignor Merry del Val, to what nationality he belongs. I have seen Spaniards like him, yet, were it not for his violet robe, I might have taken him for a High Church English clergyman. He reminded me of the Rev. Mr. Drew, son-in-law of Mr. Gladstone, but his eyes had Andalusian shape and color. Mr. Drew could not be twitted with ambition. All the time his father-in-law remained in office he contented himself with the fifth or sixth part of the curacy of Hawarden—a meagre provision, albeit Hawarden is the largest parish in England or Wales. Nor could a prelate of Monsignor Merry del Val's modest, unassuming manners be pushing. His rapid progress reminds me of a saying of Louis XVIII. about Louis Philippe: "I cannot understand how the Duc d'Orleans manages. He never seems to move, and still he is all the time advancing."

Popes for centuries have preferred to entrust State affairs to old Cardinals. This made for peace, quietness, and free growth. Venerable Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs had seen too much of life to believe that individual efforts can create a heaven of any kind on earth if time be not ripe for the change. When it is ripe the change takes place under conditions that nobody could have foreseen.—London "Truth."

The English Immigrant.

THE following story comes from Winnipeg by way of England:

A splendid young fellow who had won many trophies for foot racing at Kennington Oval and other places came to the North-West last spring—ill-natured people said with the Barr Colonists—and finding that the farm he intended to "take up" was not cropped and fenced, nor the farmhouse built and furnished as some of his fellow-immigrants had imagined, he wisely took a situation as farm hand at moderate wages.

On the morning of his first day, after breakfast, the farmer told him to go and drive some sheep into the pen and then return to the farmyard. The energetic young fellow started away but did not return till dinner was nearly over. Bathed in perspiration and thoroughly exhausted, he explained that he had little or no trouble in penning the sheep, but that the lambs had given him much trouble. They were so terribly active. He did not think he had ever run faster even at Kennington Oval.

"Lambs!" said the farmer. "There are none."

"Oh, yes, I got the whole five into the pen with the sheep. I thought you meant me to get them all together."

"They must be some of my neighbors' lambs, and, of course, would not be very anxious to join strange sheep."

"Oh, no," said the young man, "they were all together, but got frightened when I tried to keep them in a bunch."

The farmer went to look at the sheep and lambs and found his flock conscientiously herded with five jack rabbits!!

Increasing Depravity.

"Are we wickeder than should reasonably be expected?" enquires "Life." Some days as we read the newspapers it certainly seems so. "McClure's Magazine" this month abounds in records of evil-doing. It reviews the first part of the history of the Standard Oil Company and speaks with blunt indignation of the methods by which that amazing cormorant made itself fat. To realize how much iniquity, as well as ruthless greed, underlay the early successes of this astounding corporation gives one an uneasy feeling that righteousness is not much considered in the distribution of material blessings in this country. "McClure's" also prints a story about the current combinations of the labor-boss and the trust which gives one discouraged feelings about the conduct of business. Whatever is necessary to the successful transaction of business in these days seems to be done. If laws must be broken, they are broken; if labor-bosses must be bribed, they are bribed, and the people who bribe, and evade or break the laws, are often people who believe themselves to be upright, and who are respected in the community.

In the "Century Magazine," Dr. Buckley, the eminent Methodist parson, makes a discourse on "the appalling epidemic of crime," which, he says, exists in the United States. He treats of the crimes that land offenders in State's prison—crimes of violence and offences against the person and property. He thinks them vastly more prevalent than they used to be, or should be in a well-ordered country, and names as among the causes of their increase, war, intemperance, city life, diminished reverence for law, labor disputes, immigration and race questions. He says it is time we got together and worked for the better and stricter enforcement of the laws.

The Complete Housekeeper.

"You've read about these capable women who can get up a four-course dinner for ten people at half an hour's notice when there's nothing in the house but a few cold boiled potatoes and three slices of Graham bread," said Mr. Jenkins. "Well, I've got a wife that is just one of that capable kind."

"Pleasant for you," said the bachelor to whom he was talking, with great heartiness and a vision of invitations to dine.

"Well, I guess it is," said Mr. Jenkins. "She's full of resources, that woman is, sir! Why, a few nights ago I took home two business friends to dinner unexpectedly, and it proved there wasn't a particle of bread in the house, and not a bit of flour. We had expected to go away for over Sunday, and the flour-barrel was just empty. Well, sir, some women would have said, 'You can get along without bread,' but not my wife!"

"She didn't?" said the bachelor, still more warmly. "Well, how did she manage?"

"She slipped out of the back door and over to the bakery and bought a dozen rolls," said Mr. Jenkins, carelessly, "just as she'd done a great many times before."

Attractive Sprightliness.

If the story below has been told before, the Philadelphia "Telegraph" has at least dressed it freshly and made it worthy of another generation.

When Myra—the best colored cook in Alexandria, Virginia, or so the family believed—announced her intention of leaving at the end of the week, her mistress naturally tried to learn the reason.

"Myra," she said, "are you not satisfied with the wages and the home I give you?"

"Yes, Mis' Richardson, I allus bin happy wiv you-all."

"Well, why do you leave?"

"Say, Mis' Richardson, don't you-all 'member dat fun' in de 'tex' block las' Friday?"

"Yes. But what of that?"

"Well, I done gwine to tell you-all de whole trufe. I's gwine to marry de husband ob de corpse. He 'low as I was de life ob de fun'."

A Sane View.

We talk about encouraging good elements in Man and suppressing bad. But, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a bad element in Man. No doubt, in a drunkard a taste for alcohol may seem to be a bad element. But this is a superficial view. What is wrong with the drunkard is not that he loves alcohol too much, but that he loves other things too little. Other sides of his nature are not developed which, if developed, would serve to balance his entirely admirable taste for beer. The same is true of the combative instinct, with which the humanitarians wage war. If in some men it appears excessive it only means that other qualities in these men want developing.—London "Outlook."

A Revised Anecdote.

Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey were one day discussing the doctrine of purgatory on the top of a Fulham omnibus. "It is a comfort to me," said the Cardinal, "to reflect that your Majesty will need no such discipline in a future state."

"Oh," exclaimed the monarch, "why is that—on account of my blameless life?"

"Well, hardly," returned the ecclesiastic, half closing his left eye; "but your Majesty having had six wives will doubtless be spared any further inflection!"

"Yes," replied the adipose Tudor, "they were a bad lot. Kate was the only one up to Parr."

Mrs. Tickerly—Don't you think we ought to buy a pew in church this year, dear? Tickerly—Do you think they'll go up?

Peer and Peasant in the British Realm

have for more than a quarter of a century looked upon

Hunyadi Janos

Natural Laxative
Mineral Water

as the most efficient and yet most gentle remedy for CONSTIPATION and all complaints arising from a sluggish Liver. Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Anecdotal.

Mrs. Disraeli once said to an astonished circle in an English country house: "Dizzy has the most wonderful moral and political courage, but he has no physical courage. I always have to pull the string of his shower bath."

It is related that a woman, who visited the British Museum recently, said to an attendant: "I have been looking about for a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Have you no skull of Cromwell here?" "No, madam," the attendant answered. "How very odd," she exclaimed; "they have a fine one in the museum at Oxford."

In the "Memoir" of Robert Chambers, by his brother William, is a delightful allusion to Peebles, their birthplace, and a spot ever warm in the loving memory of Scotch residents. One of these, a man who had lived there all his life, was enabled by some uplift of fortune to visit Paris. When he came back his townsmen gravely gathered about him. "No," said one, while the others listened, "tell us about it." "Paris," he began, "is a thing considered, is a wonderful place. But still, Peebles for pleasure."

"Ollie" James, the giant from Kentucky, who is now a member of Congress, was making a political speech. "I want to ask you a question," shouted a man in the rear of the hall. "Well, my friend," asked Mr. James, blandly, "what is it?" "I want you to tell this gathering what is the difference between Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt?" "Nothing simpler," replied Mr. James. "Mr. Cleveland is too sedate to hunt, and Mr. Roosevelt is too restless to fish."

Walking home from school the other day, some children were discussing the perfection and usefulness of their respective fathers. "My father's the best man in the world," said one little girl; "he is a minister. He makes people go to church." "Mine is the best," piped up another; "he's a doctor. He makes sick people well so they can go to church." Three or four more enlarged upon the benefit the world derived from their fathers, when finally a sweet, blue-eyed little girl said: "My papa's the best of all. He's a poet." "A poet," said another in sympathetic surprise; "why, a poet isn't a profession! It's a disease!"

One evening, during his recent visit to England, Rear-Admiral Charles S. Cotton was entertained at dinner. Among the other guests were the Bishop of Durham, a clergyman noted for his wit, and a millionaire manufacturer, a stout man with a loud, coarse laugh, who ate and drank a good deal, and who cracked every little while a stupid joke. He did not know the bishop from Adam, but seeing his clerical garb, he decided he must be a parson, and that there was a chance for him to poke a little fun at the parson's trade. "I have three sons," he began, in a loud tone, nudging his neighbor and winking toward the bishop—"three fine lads. They are in trade. I had always said that if I ever had a stupid son I'd make a parson of him." The millionaire roared out his discordant laugh, and the Bishop of Durham said to him, with a quiet smile, "Your father thought differently from you, eh?"

It is the custom in Abyssinia for all foreign missions to bring presents to King Menelik. The French, some years ago, brought a lot of Parisian mechanical toys—sheep that squeaked, pigs that ran about on their hind legs, and dolls that talked. They thought such things would be certain to tickle the fancy of a dusky king. Menelik looked at them for a moment with disgust and rage, then he thrust them aside. "Do you think," he asked, "that I am a child or a savage, that I should delight in toys?" The Russian and English emissaries showed a truer insight into his character. They brought him Mauser pistols, revolvers, and the latest and best rifles they could buy. He was delighted. "These are gifts worthy to be received by a warrior and a king," he declared. "The influence of the Russians and English over Menelik dates from that lucky incident, but the French have always been badly represented at his court. After Kitchener's victory at Omdurman, the French at Addis Ababa assured Menelik that the English had been beaten, with the loss of 15,000 men. When he heard the truth later, that Kitchener had crushed the dervishes with the loss of only 323 of his soldiers, he exclaimed in disgust: "What liars they are!" Since then he has never believed a word the French envoys have told him, and he always speaks of them with contempt.

At one of his lectures, just after his return from the Klondike, Joachim Mil-

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FOR 20c. A PACK we are showing the finest cards ever made for the price—really pretty and good cards.

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ler told the following story: "One night I was invited to a dance in a miner's cabin, and while Bill Dalton scraped away on his fiddle we just hosed it down. But the miners danced that before midnight the ladies declared the floor was so slippery they couldn't dance another step unless something was done. Then something was done that never was possible in mining days in California. Each miner gallantly opened his buckskin powder pouch and sprinkled gold dust on the floor! And this was repeated throughout the night. And in the morning, ladies and gentlemen, these miners never troubled themselves about sweeping up that gold dust. They just hitched up their dog-sleds and rode away." At this point of Miller's narrative there was a slight agitation in the audience, an ominous sign of incredulity, but Miller was equal to it. With a wave of his hand toward one of the boxes, he said: "And my old friend up there in the box, Captain John Healy, will substantiate what I say." It really, will substantiate what I say. The house burst into applause, and greatly embarrassed the modest millionaire mining and railroad promoter of Alaska, who unsuspectingly had accepted Miller's invitation to attend the lecture in the afternoon.

Grand Work in Newfoundland Dodd's Kidney Pills are Clearing out Kidney Disease.

Richard Quirk, One of a Score Cured in One Neighborhood, Tells How Pains of Twenty Years Standing Vanished Before the Great Kidney Remedy.

Fortune Harbor, Nfld., Nov. 9.—(Special.)—There are a score of people in this neighborhood who suffered from Lame Back and other symptoms of Kidney Disease and who are now strong and healthy, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills. One of the most serious cases cured is that of Mr. Richard Quirk, an interview he says:

"I suffered for more than twenty years from Lumbago and Kidney Disease. I almost always had a severe pain in my back, so severe that during intervals for years I was totally unable to work. "Doctors and medicines gave me little relief, and after ten or twelve years I had almost made up my mind that my trouble was incurable. Then reading of cures by them led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had not taken half a box before I experienced relief, and after using seven or eight boxes I was a perfect cure and a new man. The cure was permanent."

Cure your Backache with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you will never have Bright's Disease.

An Engagement Extraordinary.

According to the Paris correspondent of the London "Telegraph," a determined suitor recently found a new way of using the motor-car for matrimonial purposes. The object of his affection was willing to wed him, but her parents were obdurate. He pretended to give up hope, and to be reconciled to the idea of being merely a friend of the family, and he took out the girl and her father for an automobile drive to Havre. At a dangerous part of the road he suddenly put on full speed, and the car sprang away at a terrific rate. The girl sat still and showed no fear, but her terrified father shouted to the man who wanted to be his son-in-law to stop. "Consent to my marriage with your daughter," was all the motorist replied. Still the car tore along, and if any obstacle had appeared in the road at least three fatalities would have occurred. "Stop! We shall all be killed!" the girl's father continued to cry. "Most certainly we shall," said the determined young man, grimly; if you don't consent at once I am going to send the machine into the ditch, and at this rate that means my death." As he spoke he imparted violent lurches from side to side to the car. "I consent!" gasped the now vanquished parent. Immediately the car slowed down, and the rest of the journey was done at a steady touring pace. But during the motorist's previous mad career a policeman had jotted down his number. When the girl's father, to whom the machine belonged, appeared in court to answer to the summons, his future son-in-law accompanied him, and looked exceedingly pleased with himself. When a fine of sixteen francs was imposed the younger man said he would pay it himself with pleasure. He confided to the magistrate that the day has been named.

The Maskers.

The great gods in their morriment Made man a naked thing. For all the winds of discontent And thorns of love to sting.

They made him as a chord to thrill, Vibrant to joy and pain; They made him as a reed whose will Is bent by any rain.

They made him as a glass revealed For every mood to dim, Then gave him laughter as a shield Between the world and him;

And gave him robe of words to hide The naked soul, afraid, And cloak of jest that none beside Might know this man they made.

So hidden 'mongst our kind we press, That scarce the great gods know Who wears the mask of happiness Upon the face of woe.

—McCrea, Plunkering.

Doing His Best.

Gayeboye—I understand that Wildeboy's father left him nothing. Highflyer—Nothing but his debts. Gayeboye—So? And how is the youngster getting on? Highflyer—Very nicely, indeed. He's managed to increase his legacy by thirty thousand—Ex.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

THE wily ways of the new century are many. I heard a funny little instance of one of them which came into the experience of one of our grand dames the other day. She was summoned to the drawing-room on her reception day at a rather early hour of the afternoon by the maid to receive a caller. The caller spoke like a lady, looked like a lady, and probably was a lady in a broad sense, though not, as the hostess at first supposed, on her calling list. She chatted on generalities for a few moments until the hostess plainly asked her to what she was indebted for the visit, having made up her mind that she wasn't an acquaintance at all. "Well, to tell you the plain truth," said the caller, "I'm taking orders for— (never mind what book). The hostess rose and begged to be excused, as she expected visitors and it was her regular day." "Oh, I know," blithely responded the caller, "I thought I'd come early and surely find you in. Now, before anyone comes I'd just ask you to look at the sample pages of my book." The hostess stared at her—trim, neat, stylish, without even a chateleine on which to hang a sample page. "Oh, I've got them all right," said the agent, joyously. "I'll show you my way of carrying them. I'd never get in if I had them in my hand. Just excuse me if I turn up my skirt," and she proceeded to do that some, displaying a petticoat with a large, flat pocket, in which were neatly stowed away the sample sheets of the volume for which she was canvassing. She snatched them out, and the lady was so breathless at her nerve and coolness that she meekly submitted to the demonstration, finding sufficient recompense in gently but firmly declining to give her subscription or even her name as a decoy to later victims. I cannot help wondering whether such methods are practised elsewhere than in drawing-rooms, and whether they are likely to succeed.

Another true story of to-day: My friend Mary is visiting Toronto and having all the up-to-date experiences. The other evening she ran her eye over the paper and it was arrested by the legend, "Ten cents a yard," among the next day's bargains, the price referring to some fairly good lace she had been admiring and coveting in a big shop. Mary's bright eyes danced with purpose. "I'll do it!" she resolved, and went early to her bed, not to sleep—ah, no! All the night long she was haunted by alternate thoughts of the big shop and the bargain, and she finally decided to go early in the morning in clouds of lace at ten cents a yard, which would to any but a bargain connoisseur surely be cheap at seventy-five. This beatific vision was dispelled by a hideous one, revealing her in the arms of Morpheus at eight, awakening with a start to bargain forever past her grasp. Consequent upon these nightmares was Mary's loss of nature's sweet restorer, and her exit from a particularly lovely bed into the chill morning air at six-forty-five a.m. The world isn't lovely at that hour in November, and the gas burned weirdly, lighting Mary's haggard but determined face as she stumbled into her garments, hastily attended to her toilet, and after a hurried sallied out to secure the bargain upon which her heart was set. It is wretched to go forth alone, like the horny-handed son of toil, before the world is ailed, and without any breakfast, but the little woman wasn't going to lose that lace at ten cents a yard for any outward ill or inward squeamishness. She reached the door of the big shop at 7:40 and there she stood upon the step, surely the coldest stone step ever quarried out of the hardest mountain side ever sheathed in eternal snows. Her feet were like lumps of ice, her nose was purple, and her mouth was sadly drooping, but in her eye burned the fire of a great resolve. As she shivered and peered through the plate glass and was squeezed by a greasy second-hand clothes dealer on one side and prodded by a skinny elbow on the other, Mary amused herself by picturing how she would have that lace made up, over yellow—wow-wow, that's a bad before-breakfast suggestion—over deep, warm, cosy red, with velvet, soft and snug in cuddling little rosettes. That was more consoling, and just as she felt gleam of comfort to her weary, weary soul, the doors were opened and the crowd ran Mary in and headed her for the lace counter. There it was, the vision of the night, and Mary pounced upon a handsome bit and gasped, "Twenty yards of this, please." The shop girl eyed her coldly and in carefully fed and raked, vindictively. We only sell five yards to each customer." But Mary assured her, "I want some for my sisters." The shop girl shot a baleful look at her. "We have plenty who tell that story," she said sternly. Mary desperately pounced on another piece. "Give me five of each of these, then," she pleaded. "And live of these three others." By the time the vision of her dreams had been taken on a rather shabby air, and Mary had grabbed some Chumy, some Chantilly, some guipure and some very trashy Valenciennes in her order. A low voice came over her shoulder, "No customer is allowed more than two selections," and a furtive looking shopman removed the three extra cards from her trembling grasp. Then Mary's Irish arose, and with a withering glance at the shopman she sarcastically enquired if she might be at least allowed to say which two she wished to purchase. The man faded away, and the shop girl proceeded to cut off five yards from the cards selected. Then Mary tried diplomacy and another shop girl, who cheerfully agreed to give her two more chances. Just as she was doing up the second parcel Mary glanced over her shoulder to meet the accusing eye of the shopman fixed meaningfully upon her. However, she seized her second pair of bargains under his very nose, and, finding his glance and bearing becoming a trifle truculent, she made straight up to him and said, "You are a contemptible sneak," and fled from the scene. This is a perfectly true tale of the bargains one may secure, and Mary has just finished telling it to me and I am still laughing at the way her eyes are flashing when she thinks of that "contemptible sneak." It is rich.

Two or three times lately has the strength of suggestion and association

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

"Dorothy Dodd" the Shoe that Attracts Attention
Price \$3.75 pair, a few special styles \$4.00.

The style of a "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe is so unmistakable that it attracts attention at first glance. The shoe is as different from the ordinary run as day from night! But don't take our word for this! Nor the word of anyone else for that matter. Just come and try on a pair. Then note how much smarter than other kinds the shoe looks, and by the way, let your whole weight standing fall upon the shoe. You'll feel rested at once! There are other considerations which place "Dorothy Dodd" Shoes on a very high plane, but enough has been said for the present.

Persian Lamb Jackets

This store has undoubtedly brought individualism and distinction into the making of Persian Lamb Jackets. Time was when such a garment got little consideration from the fashionable woman, but that period has passed, and now we find almost a preference for Persian lamb, above even seal; smartness of style and beauty of curl has brought about the change, prices up to 185.00

Handsome Furs and Millinery

We have some striking styles, quite new, in Long Mink Stoles, and they're selling at a full third less than exclusive fur stores ask and get for no better kinds; our prices are \$35.00 to \$125.00; of course we have cheaper Mink Scarfs, \$18.50 to \$32.50; our Millinery Showroom is brimful of late patterns that you ought to see; they're reasonably priced.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East.
10 to 16 Colborne St. Toronto.

been presented to me. The other day a winsome wee thing from "The North," as Irish people call Antrim, made me wander for an hour through the far-famed "Glens," ride my darling bike over the "dangerous way" at Dunluce Castle, swing on Carrickadee bridge or gaze with happy hummed eyes across the sea from Fair Head. After ten minutes with Rhona Adair I found it impossible to remain altogether in Canada. Then a letter came with a certain postmark. Not a word of place or state within suggested that I was standing on a splendid bridge looking down upon a rushing stream, on the right a high crest of hill crowned with a strong castle and from citadel to water's edge terraces of green vines and half hidden houses, where lights were beginning to sparkle over the evening dinner tables. On the left rows of quays and stretching level to the far fields a wilderness of grand buildings, rows of houses closely huddled, the hum of a fine, busy city. All this from a postmark upon a thin foreign envelope, this never-to-be forgotten hour when I gazed at the sunset from the great bridge which spans the beautiful blue Danube between the twin cities of Buda and Pesthe.

In Rose Time.

The fairest roses do not grow
In June's sweet month of grace;
The roses that make them blow
Upon my lady's face!

—Paul Webster Eaton.

That there is nothing new under the sun is as true now as in the days of Solomon. No doubt much of Roman prowess was due to the universal use of baths by all classes. The modern tendency is to return to the use of natural treatment. Unquestionably the waters compounded in Nature's laboratory are the best remedial agents; chief among these, from medical references, is the "St. Catharines Well," located in St. Catharines, the "Garden City" of Canada. Here will be found every facility for rest, recuperation and comfort where exists a happy combination of family hotel life and sanitarium attachments for those desiring same. It is time that Canadians were sensible of the resources of their own country and that it is not necessary to go over the border to procure either the necessities or the luxuries of life.

A Poem in Green.

A couple of ladies were walking through the new fixture showrooms of the Toronto Electric Light Company a few days ago, when one of them was heard to say: "Isn't this perfectly elegant?" "It is," said the other, "a perfect poem in green."

It is certainly a poem in green, the floor covering being green, the walls green, the seats green, the desk green, and even the ladder used by the men in hanging the fixtures is painted green.

It is well worth the while of anybody who appreciates the artistic in furnishing to call and take a walk through these spacious rooms.

The artistic effect is well carried out in the many beautiful fixtures displayed there. These rooms are situated at 12 Adelaide street east.

A Popular Health Resort.

A Grand Trunk official stated to-day that the mineral waters of St. Catharines, Ontario, are becoming renowned throughout the country, as is demonstrated by the large influx of people to the city during the past year. The city is like that of the great Krutznach springs of Prussia, and is claimed, if anything, to be even more effective in cases in which it is used. The business at the resorts at St. Catharines has increased about 100 per cent. over last year.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Mary Queen of Scots—It is not always best to give too freely of one's psychic force. The best that is in you, as you call it, there is wisdom even in helping others. Your writing sug-

gests the reticence you deplore, but is at the same time amiable, generous and almost altruistic at times. You have good sense of proportion, cheerful disposition, sensible and logical methods; you like enterprise and admire dash and adaptability, of which you have quite a reserve. You are practical, perhaps not dominant and constant in purpose, although you can persist. There is a good deal of personal pride and value in your make-up.

First-born.—Your second letter has just been opened. I do hope your first was answered in due time. I am quite interested in your case, and wish you both all the happiness even such very big people should have. Why should size affect your happiness or your marriage? You're a wonderful pair. Let me know if you got your delineation or not.

Ermy.—It is not a very mature specimen and some of its faults are merely those of youth and inexperience. The character is pleasant and amenable, apt to idealize, honest and frank, adaptable, sympathetic and sometimes manfully original in thought. I don't see much judgment, and there is a pessimistic touch which, alternating with some cheerfulness, gives a character akin to the mercurial. It's a pretty nice study.

A Would-be Traveler.—To say one "comes under Scorpio" means that one is born between the 22nd of October and the 21st of November. Such persons, being psychically allied to the great power of the ocean, are nearly always fond of being near or upon it. The habit of procrastination is a Scorpio fault, so if you are a Scorpio you have it to overcome. They are just the people who are ungrateful to the world at large, and have more reliance on yourself than on others. You can be reached by suggestion, and are quick in perception, practical in aim. There is much temperament, and a good deal of fascination in this study.

M.O.K.—This is a rather restrained, conventional, formal hand, technical, self-reliant, dominant, practical, logical and persevering. It lacks inspiration and is inclined to the material. The Writer comes from the Crab, is careful of detail and appearances, likes them to be impressive and handsome. Don't think too much of showing up, or neglecting a letter and sit around wondering why it wasn't answered. I should make a good traveling companion. You are not overtrusting of the world at large, and have more reliance on yourself than on others. You can be reached by suggestion, and are quick in perception, practical in aim. There is much temperament, and a good deal of fascination in this study.

Hope.—Don't I "think it terribly hard to be the possessor of talent and not permitted to use it?" I should if I ever believed that to be the case. Believing as I do that no talent is ever ungrateful, and that this is not the only life in which talent will be, or has been, used, I wonder if in some other existence you had that talent and put it to wrong uses, and being disciplined now on that account, are given this chance to acquire it? Lifts a so big and great, stretching back and forward till we cannot follow it, that it is puerile to demand and cry everything in one period of it. Your writing is very fine, but suggests fretful discontent. That's what the matter. You have a grandly dominant touch and some ambition, conservatism, inspiration, enquiry, thought and decidedly original talent. It may be that some other existence you had that talent, and put it to wrong uses, and being disciplined now on that account, are given this chance to acquire it? 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A Famous Paris Beauty.

How Eugénie Fougère was mysteriously murdered at Aix-les-Bains—Her Long Reign as a Demi-Mondaine Queen—Costly Jewels and Beautiful Toilets.

OWING to the varied nature of her population, Paris harbors parasites of all descriptions, who are attracted in swarms by the prospect of rich returns from the pursuit of their nefarious occupations. Among this class are a peculiar set of criminals, who have come to be known here as "Apaches." They find in the gay lives led by the famous queens of the demi-monde a direct means of supplying the sinews of war necessary to their own execrable existence, and when these well-known beauties cease to respond to the ordinary methods of threats and cajolery, the more desperate method of assassination is very frequently resorted to.

Several such cases have recently baffled the police and sent a thrill of terror through all France. In fact, the papers now are full of details concerning the horrible crime committed on the night of September 20, when one of the most renowned demi-mondaines of Paris was brutally strangled in her beautiful villa at Aix-les-Bains. One of the suspected assassins was a former lover called "Handsome Arthur," the chief of an international band of chloroform thieves.

Mme. Fougère and her companion, Mlle. Giriat, returned from their return from the theater, retired immediately. Some hours later, Mlle. Giriat was awakened by a noise in the passage, and upon rising to investigate was seized by two men; a towel was thrown with lightning speed around her neck, and she was quickly choked into insensibility and left for dead. When she recovered consciousness, she dragged herself to the window and screamed wildly for help. Then she sank again into a deep swoon before assistance arrived. Her miraculous escape from death, however, was not shared by either Eugénie or her maid. They were both found dead from strangulation. The autopsy clearly demonstrated that the maid had been dead several hours before the attack upon Mme. Fougère and her companion was perpetrated. The stranglers evidently gained entrance while they were at the theater, and proceeded to despatch the maid, after which they concealed themselves and awaited the return of the mistress.

In addition to a large sum of money which Fougère was known to have with her at her villa at Aix-les-Bains, she was robbed of upward of twenty thousand dollars' worth of jewels, among which were the following named articles: a necklace, consisting of four hundred pearls, valued at \$3,500; a pearl collar, \$1,000; a collar of coral, with settings of brilliant-cut diamonds, \$2,500; brooch of large rubies, surrounded by large brilliant-cut diamonds, \$1,000; a large sapphire and diamond ring, \$1,000; numbers of valuable pins, watches and minor jewels.

Twenty years ago, Eugénie Fougère came to Paris from the village of Chamblon in the Creuse. Her beauty was a splendid example of what is called in Paris "la gentille coquette." She was possessed of a handsome figure, delicate features and a charming personality, and succeeded in maintaining her position as one of the leaders of beauty and fashion far beyond the term of years usually allotted to the career of Parisian demi-mondaines. She was a great chum, by the way, of Liane de Pougy, and was often seen in the Bois de Boulogne with Emeline d'Alençon, La Belle Otero, La Belle Guerrero and Cleo de Merode.

Only once did Fougère leave the stirring scenes of her beloved Paris. That was some years ago, when she threw her troops of admirers into the deepest consternation by suddenly disappearing. It was during this four years' absence, spent in Brazil in company with an immensely rich South American, that she accumulated the wealth which enabled her to dazzle Paris on her return; for it was an ordinary event to see Fougère at the opera, scintillating with diamonds, surpassing with her toilets the most stylish and aristocratic ladies of Paris. So great was her vogue that the most fashionable dressmakers not only sought her patronage with bitter rivalry, but were only too glad to clothe her for nothing, and pay her handsomely besides for launching their creations.

Like most of her class, she took a keen delight in going about at all times literally loaded down with diamonds and precious stones of all descriptions. No occasion appeared too small to satisfy her love of display. She was repeatedly warned at Longchamps and Auteuil as to the danger of wearing so much jewelry in the daytime. But she only laughed and took no heed. It was no uncommon thing, too, to see Fougère at Maxim's, wearing upward of sixty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. Another great fad of hers was to display the large sums of money which she carried. One evening, totally unconscious of the sensation she was producing, she drew out a roll of forty or fifty 1,000 franc notes to pay for a bottle of champagne. Upon the receipt of a handful of banknotes in change, she crumpled the entire lot carelessly, and threw it to her maid, with a mild order to replace it in her bag. This offhand sort of procedure naturally attracted the attention of some Apache spectators, and it is quite certain that on some such occasion as described, the resolution was taken and the plan formulated which eventually led to her murder for the robbery of her money and jewels.

Langtry & King Edward.

IN commenting on that interesting and now historical episode in which she was said to have playfully sent a lump of ice tobogganing down the spinal column of the present Edward Rex, Lily Langtry said to Acton Davies the other day: "There is no reason in the world why I shouldn't tell the truth about that little matter, for the very good reason that it never occurred. When the King, then the Prince of Wales, heard the story, he asked me if I knew how on earth it could have been started. Of course I couldn't. However, my old friend, Mrs. Cornwallis-

West, finally solved the mystery of how the story started, and her explanation, though a very weak one I admit, is the only peg on which any of us have been able to hang this story. An informal dinner was given one night at which Mr. Cornwallis-West and myself were guests. The Prince of Wales was not present. It was a very jolly little party; we all knew each other very well, and everyone was having a beautiful time, with the exception of Mr. Cornwallis-West, who was tired and wanted to go home. Several times he asked his wife to make a start, but she was enjoying herself and refused point blank. Finally he became quite angry and begged her to start. The ice was still on the table, and, taking a spoonful of hers, Mrs. Cornwallis-West laughingly slipped it under her husband's collar, with the remark: "There, my dear boy, that will cool you off for a few moments." This story must have been repeated by some of the guests, and enlarged upon until it was landed upon his Royal Highness and myself. That, I assure you, is all I know about the matter. Even my enemies must admit that I have always been noted for gentle manners, and that I or any other woman would ever have dared take such a liberty with the prince is too ridiculous. His Royal Highness was charming and most good-natured about the whole matter. In fact, only this past summer, when the King was talking to me at Newmarket about my last American tour, he remarked, with a twinkle in his eyes: "I suppose they are still telling that lump of ice story on us in America," and I answered, "Yes, and I'm afraid their time prancing about like marionettes."

The Value of Charcoal.

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Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell of their improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Civilized Him.

"I used to roam in ignorance," the former savage said. "I did a wild heathen dance. With feathers on my head. I used to fight in heathen style. But now I put him at a mile. For I possess a gun."

"Oh, it was terrible to see me in my former state. But destiny looked after me. And led the hand of fate. Until where once we sat and sang. Our prayers to the moon. The white man built a big shebang. That he calls a saloon."

"Enlightenment came here; she bore Krag Jorgensen and Krupp. In one week's time I smoothly wore. And played at seven up. The kindly men who took my hand. Came from across the sea. And said they'd take me by the hand. And make a man of me."

"So now I'm not a savage man," he said, and wisely smiled. "With pagan eyes I do not scan. The desert and the wild. I do not ramble any more. The wicked paths I despise. I blow the foam upon the floor. And I've been civilized."

Valpy's Dinners.

HAVE more than once referred to Mr. L. R. Valpy as a friend of Howell and Rossetti, and an extensive purchaser of the latter's works, writes "Signal" in his reminiscences in "Blackwood." Mr. Valpy was by profession a Lincoln's Inn Fields family lawyer of good position and repute; but though a strenuous worker in his vocation, his heart was divided between two curious antagonistic predilections—the "austere" and the "sensual," his religious tendencies being sternly Calvinistic, and his artistic sympathies chiefly identified with the school of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. This singular contrast of proclivities led not infrequently to scenes and situations of a distinctly comical nature. Many a time have I met in his dining-room, hung with a superb line of Rossetti's red-chalk studies, a solemn assemblage of Exeter Hall lawyers and Low Church clergymen, who looked upon their host's cherished drawings either as autotype reproductions or the work of some inspired madman! Two instances of this Philistinism I particularly remember. The hero of one of them was an eminent commercial solicitor, who, after inspecting some newly-acquired treasure contemptuously for half a minute, turned on his heel with the comment that "faces of that kind were usually symptomatic of scrofula!" The other offender, a gormandizing clergyman, was even more flagrant. Uplift-

ing his eyes from his empty plate during a change of courses, he happened to catch sight for the first time of three new purchases from Rossetti's studio. "Queer-looking affairs those, Valpy," he remarked with a pitying sneer; "where did you pick them up?" "They are the work of one Rossetti," replied Valpy with smirking irony. "Rossetti, Rossetti? Never heard of him," rejoined the appalling guest. Then glancing at an idealized study of his hostess, which formed the center of the three drawings, he added, "And who, may I ask, is that ill-looking woman over the mantelpiece?" "That, sir," replied Valpy with what Dizzy used to call "a superb groan"—"that, sir, is my wife!" Yet, strange to say, Valpy persisted to the last in entertaining these uncongenial guests, who never failed to drive him nearly frantic with their outrageous comments. Occasionally, however, in his bachelor days he would invite one or two artists, and perhaps myself or some other more sympathetic friend, to what he called a quiet dinner, but which really was almost Spartan in its provender. I suppose he imagined that artists were too ethereal to care for the succulent fare which he set before parsons and lawyers, a theory wherein he was, of course, grievously mistaken. I well recollect dining with him once to meet Rossetti and Samuel Palmer, when the menu actually consisted of nothing more luxurious than thin pea-soup, cold boiled beef (as the waiters say, "low in cut"), and a "poly-poly" pudding! Samuel Palmer rose superior to this fare, and was cheery and charming throughout the evening; but it was otherwise with poor Rossetti, who, without being a gourmand, was constitutionally unable to appreciate plain diet. His normal melancholy deepened into positive gloom, and I cannot recollect his uttering a syllable during the whole of dinner, at which he sat like one of the figures at the banquet in Holman Hunt's picture of Isabella and the Pot of Basil. Valpy seemed quite unconscious of offence, and to see him persistently plugging Rossetti with "poly-poly," which the poet-painter as persistently refused in ever more deeply accentuated tones of weary dejection, was inexpressibly comic.

Out Into the World.

I T was in Cairo that they first met, in a narrow street, amid a motley collection of Arabs and native Egyptians, Dervishes and Orientals. She and her mother found themselves straying one day from their hotel.

"May I assist you?" he observed; and, thankfully accepting his proffered aid, they had permitted him to escort them to a place of safety.

It could not have been long after this that they came across each other again in Rome. There is a little, straggling Roman street, or way, that leads off from the Coliseum.

It was there that their eyes met. His were large and dark and grave; hers blue and a trifle confused.

She inclined her head. He bowed, with a half-smile.

This incident, however, put him in a different mood for the rest of the day. He wondered at what hotel she was stopping. He wondered where she came from, whither she was going. He had



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started out on his travels months before, with a vague, undefined sense of loneliness, a desire for companionship. New York, he thought, was the most lonesome place in the world. Perhaps he would run across someone, somewhere, who would be a treasure of friendship, or love—who could tell?

And now that he had seen her, he felt somehow that she would fulfil these requirements. This girl, with the serene blue eyes that yet showed depths of humor and courage and that certain quality of innate refinement which reflects itself from some eyes, disturbed him greatly.

Who was she? It was going down the Rhine that they met again.

He became conscious of a gaze—what is the subtle psychology of that look beaming upon us from the unknown? He had turned, and there indeed she was, with the golden sunset gleam lighting up her almost classic face—classic save for the rather large mouth which, when she smiled, gave her features just the irregularity that was needed.

He bowed again, and in a few moments more found himself seated by the ladies' side, talking commonplace language, and thinking commonplace thoughts.

When they met again it was in Paris, if not by appointment, at least by the aid of a certain sort of understanding. She had remarked casually that they expected to be in Paris on a certain date, and he had replied that he was glad that this was so, for he expected to be there himself at that time, although only at that instant his determination to do this had defined itself.

In Cairo and Rome they were to each other merely travelers from the same land, bound together by the distant claims of patriotism. On the Rhine, they were acquaintances. In Paris, they became friends, and then—

On the homeward voyage, when, one night, they stood by the rail and watched the moon come up over the waters, he held her hand in his, and said:

"Dearest, I knew that if I went out into the world I should find you; I knew it instinctively—I must have known it. I was so lonesome living all these years in New York by myself—and now, to think I have found you, at last!"

And she replied: "Do you know, I felt much the same way. I, too, was lonesome. No one in New York seemed to satisfy my longings. I sometimes wonder why we have never met before."

He smiled. "Do you want to know the reason?" he asked. "I can tell you, for the other day your mother told me the street and the number where you lived."

"Indeed," she said, "what has that to do with it? What is the reason?" "Because," he replied, with a smile, "all these years I have lived next door to you."—Tom Masson in "Smart Set."

Low-Rate Homeseekers' Excursion to Florida.

Sarasota, Fla.	\$30.05
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Punta Gorda, Fla.	30.90
Arcadia, Fla.	30.15

These tickets will be good going on November 11 only, and to return within fifteen days, and will not be good to stop off in either direction.

In connection with these excursions, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell one-way tickets to Washington, at regular rates, from all stations on its lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie, together with exchange orders on the railroads out of Washington for an excursion ticket from Washington to the above-mentioned points at rates quoted.

Wabash.

Cheap one-way colonist tickets are now on sale daily until November 30, over the great Wabash line to California, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Washington and British Columbia. Tickets are good to stop over at different points. This will be a grand opportunity to visit the above points at a very low rate. All tickets should read over the Wabash, the short and true route to the West. For time-tables, reservations of sleeping car berths, and other information, address any railroad ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

5:20 P. M.

This is the hour the train leaves for New York, daily, by C.P.R. and New York Central. Through sleeper Toronto to New York. Dining car Toronto to Buffalo. New York reached 7:30 next morning. Telephone Main 4361.

Kill or Cure.

A short time ago a veterinary surgeon summoned a man to the Winkles County Court for two guineas for attendance on a dog, reports an English paper.

He swore that he had been called in and found the dog suffering from distemper, and that he had paid so many visits and had supplied such and such medicines, for which he claimed two pounds two shillings as per agreement. Then came the defendant's turn.

"You say that I agreed to pay you two guineas?" questioned the defendant. "Certainly you did!" replied the plaintiff.

"Do you remember what our arrangement was?" "Perfectly."

"Didn't I say that I was afraid of you running up a long bill, but that if you would agree to take two quid, 'kill or cure,' you might have the case?" "Quite right; and I said that if you would make it guinea I would take it on," answered the plaintiff, with a gleam of triumph.

"Well, now, on your oath, did you kill my dog?" demanded the defendant, with a sudden energy that woke up the judge and made the usher jump again.

"Certainly not," replied the other, with a bluster that was perhaps justifiable in the circumstances.

"And you didn't cure him, cos he's



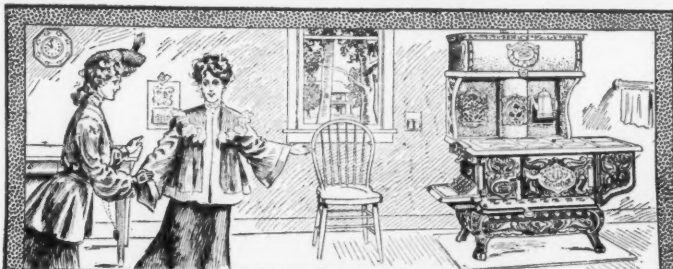
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- 204 Wellesley Street
- Esplanade East (near Berkeley Street)
- Esplanade East (foot of Church Street)
- 363 Pape Avenue (at G.T.R. Crossing)
- 1131 Yonge Street (at C.P.R. Crossing)
- 258 to 266 Lansdowne Avenue (near Dundas St.)

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dead; and as I promised to pay, and you agreed to accept, two guineas, 'kill or cure,' and you haven't done either, I wonder how you've got the nerve to ask for the money even, let alone bring me here."

At this point the learned judge intervened, and the case was remanded for further consideration.

As it May Be.

"Hello, Laura, is that you?"

"Yes."

"This is George. Say, I can't get anything to eat down town here to-day. The hotels and restaurants are all closed on account of the strike. Have a good dinner ready for me this evening when I

get home."

"I can't do it, George. The girl says all the grocery stores and meat markets out here are closed on account of the strike."

"Well, cook up a pudding or something of that kind."

"Can't do that, either. No milk to-day. The milkmen are all on a strike."

"Well, great Scott! Can't you send one of the children in with a luncheon of bread and molasses?"

"No. Johnny says there are no trains or street cars running. All the men have just gone on a strike. But, say, maybe I can—"

"Well, go on. Maybe you can what!"

"But there was no response."

Everybody at the telephone office had gone on a strike.—Chicago "Tribune."



A MOST creditable and successful debut was made on Saturday evening last at O'Neill's Hall, Parliament street, by the Lyra Maen-norchor, or Lyra Male Chorus, a German amateur society organized some four years ago with Mr. Fritz Vogt as director. The hall was packed to the doors by an immensely enthusiastic audience. The society has for its chief mission the cultivation of the good old German Volkslieder, the merits of which they desire to bring to the notice of the Canadian public. On this initial occasion they certainly succeeded in presenting in an effective light the very attractive numbers they had selected and prepared. One might mention particularly as an example of good, honest singing Kreutzer's "Dies ist der Tag des Herrn," or the "Shepherd's Sunday Song," by Kreutzer, a capital representative illustration of the German folksong. Other numbers worthy of praise were "The Old Mother," by Max Spicker, and "The Young Ensign" and the "Home Coming." Solos were contributed most acceptably by J. Shell, F. Brengelman, J. Ludwig, a comic trio, which made a great hit, was sung by Wulliam Zoller, Karl Heinz and Jacob Eisenhardt, and amusement was provided by Mr. Harvey, the Canadian humorist. Mr. Walter Gerhard, a newcomer recently from Germany, officiated as accompanist with skill and judgment.

The King's birthday concert in Massey Hall on Monday evening last proved to be a very popular and attractive event, and held as it was under the auspices of the St. George's, St. Andrew's and Irish Protestant Benevolent societies, appropriately took a patriotic character. It is needless to say that the rather long programme contributed by such well-known favorites as Miss Eileen Millett, Miss Laura Shilldick, Miss Frances World and Messrs. J. Churchill Arlidge, J. Augustin Arlidge, Ruthven Macdonald, Frank Benrose, Frank E. Blachford and Mrs. Don Cochrane was presented in a most effective manner. In addition to the serious numbers Master Eugene Lockhart made a great hit in a comic selection, and as an encore gave a Scotch dance, showing both versatility and cleverness as an entertainer. Master Harry Rich, son of the well-known Harry Rich, won an enthusiastic encore for his singing of "The Holy City." Finally, an extra and delightful feature of the programme was the recitation of an original poem, "The Native Born," by Mrs. Jean Blewett.

The R. S. Williams & Sons Company (Limited), 143 Yonge street, have issued an interesting catalogue of their rare old violins, in which representative instruments are illustrated by full-page photographs. There is also appended an alphabetical list of the famous violin makers, with other information of value to the tiddling fraternity. Mr. R. S. Williams, sr., the president of the company, has but recently returned from Europe, bringing with him about forty fine violins, valued at prices ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000, and also a violoncello held at \$1,500. The company will forward a copy of the catalogue to persons applying for it.

The winter term at the Toronto College of Music opened November 10. New pupils are being registered daily, and every mail brings enquiries from all parts of Canada regarding college work. Additions have been made to the staff in several departments. In addition to the elocution department under Emma Scott Raff, dramatic classes will be opened under the direction of Miss Maud Pew. Miss Pew is a graduate of the St. Anne-Wheatcroft Dramatic School, New York, and comes highly recommended. Particulars can be had from the secretary. The new calendar and syllabus will be sent to any address upon application.

A conspicuously interesting concert was given on Saturday night in West Association Hall. It was the first of this season's "popular" events which Mr. Percy B. Williams, secretary of the Y.M.C.A., has designed as a consequence of the success met with last season. The programme was under the direction of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director of the Metropolitan School of Music, and therefore it need hardly be said that its character was most admirable and its presentation appropriate. Notable numbers were Miss May Ingleson Wooley's playing of Moszkowski's "Après l'orage," a composition of marked difficulty, which, however, was given by this gifted pupil of Mr. Forsyth with ease, finish of finger work and taste. Miss Louise Watt, violinist, also scored a positive success in Vieuxtemps' "Romance," op. 40, and in her encore number, Paganini's "Serenade." Miss Lillian M. Benson, a musically skilful in Bernberg's "Nymphs and Fawns" and Mascagni's "Ave Maria." Miss Irene Glendinning, reader, was so successful in "Aunt Deborah Has a Visitor," by Fisk, that she also had to respond to a persistent recall. Miss Valborg M. Zoller, another piano pupil of Mr. Forsyth, won perhaps the most spontaneous recognition of the evening, this being for her playing of Thalberg's "Concert Paraphrase" of "Home, Sweet Home." Miss Bertha Rogers' fine mezzo-contralto voice has developed surprisingly of late. Especially admirable is her manner; it is convincing in its sincerity, and is marked by that composure which experience only can give. A scene from "Romeo and Juliet" by Miss Jessie Carter (Nurse) and Miss Ruth Mackie (Juliet) was given most charmingly. Mrs. Frances Gillmore Seager displayed a voice of good volume, flexible and clear, in Sobieski's "I Love You" and "Woodman's An Open Secret." She was the recipient of a handsome bouquet. Other performers were the Misses Gertrude Fry and Edna M. Tate, pianists; Miss Lottie Pollard, reader, and Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, accompanist, in which role he played with skill and taste.

The many friends of Frank R. Austen, the promising young pianist, will be pleased to hear that he has made such progress in his studies the last year that he has decided to spend another year under Stepanoff, in Berlin. During the vacation months he spent a most enjoy-

Francesco Ruggeri Cremona \$4,000.00



WILLIAMS COLLECTION,
1903-4.

able time with relatives traveling through some of England's most beautiful scenery.

A benefit concert in aid of the King's Daughters' Ward in Grace Hospital will be given in the Y.W.C. Guild hall, McGill street, on Monday evening next. Miss Mae Dickenson, Miss Mary Donaldson, Mr. Donald MacGregor, Mr. Chrystal Brown and other artists will appear.

The choir of Parkdale Methodist Church are preparing for a concert to be given on Tuesday evening, the 17th inst., and have engaged Mr. Fred Butler, the well-known bass of New York, as the principal assisting artist. The choir numbers will be Hawley's "Trisagion and Sanctus," Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," with solo by Mrs. A. B. Jury, and Stewart's "Bells of St. Michael's Tower."

The disagreeable, thin and nasal quality of the conversational voice of "American," and for the matter of that, of many Canadian women, is a matter of surprise to foreigners who visit this country and the United States. "Americans" are apt to excuse themselves on the plea of the adverse influence of the climate. The poetess and novelist Ella Wheeler Wilcox, however, seems to think that the fault is due to carelessness on the part of teachers and parents. In an article on the subject, she says: "Parents and teachers are inexorably indifferent to the placing of voices of children. One of the most brilliantly educated young women of my acquaintance, a graduate with honors from several colleges, speaks with the voice of a startled parrot. After ten minutes her most instructive and interesting conversation becomes insupportable to one of sensitive nerves. The chatter of society women at teas and receptions is about as pleasant to the ear as the sound of a buzz-saw or the filing of edged tools. The nose of the throat and the head seem to produce the voices of most 'Americans.' Rarely do we meet one who uses the chest tones, or whose voice seems to be the expression of the entire being. When we think of the wonderful things that are accomplished now in teaching the dumb and the deaf to speak, it ought to make us realize what could be done with a little effort to beautify the voices of those possessed of all their faculties. There are so many painful sounds in this mechanical and mercantile age which we are forced to hear, why not make a science of cultivating musical voices? A few moments given daily to exercises for that purpose will accomplish wonders in a few months. It is worth the effort. If you take two or three of the first lessons given singers, and practice these twenty minutes a day, your speaking voice will improve. Or if you lie on your back without a pillow, breathe deeply and repeat the vowels of the alphabet over and over, with chest tones, a few moments morning and night, your voice will grow mellow and sweeter. Before a little girl learns physiology or algebra she should be taught to speak agreeably, since a woman's voice is often the only music in a home."

A contributor to the columns of the London "Academy and Literature" writes: "I am sorry to hear poor accounts of the health of Grieg, who, despite all the care of his devoted wife, continues to cause considerable anxiety to his innumerable friends. The famous composer has now left his summer retreat near Bergen for Christiania, where

he will spend the winter; but for some months past he has been able to do hardly any serious work. It is several years now since Grieg last visited England, where he always proved a splendid 'draw,' though every summer he has hoped to come—if only for the purpose of producing the pianoforte concerto which he was long ago commissioned to write for the Philharmonic Society. Perhaps next year the fates may be more kind to him in this regard, in which event music lovers all the world over will rejoice. For Grieg, though his years are only sixty, must be reckoned in these days one of the Grand Old Men of contemporary music, and as such enjoys universal admiration and esteem even in those quarters whose artistic sympathies have little in common with his own."

Two biographies of Sir Arthur Sullivan will shortly be published in England. One of these is by B. W. Findon, the well-known critic, and a cousin of the late composer. The other is by Mr. Vernon Blackburn, who has been entrusted by Sir Arthur's nephew with the delicate task of making extracts from the deceased musician's private diary.

One of the best of the musical plays of "American" origin which have been presented here for some years is "The Yankee Consul," this week's attraction at the Princess Theater. The dialogue is free from the spread-eagleism which might have been expected from the title, and has many smart passages of humor. The music by Alfred G. Robyn has only two numbers with the true American flavor of rag-time and two-step, and is generally bright and tuneful, and offers several songs as catchy as the "Kangaroo Song" in the "Burgomaster," and which on the opening night the "gods" succeeded in memorizing, as they proved by whistling in accompaniment to the chorus and soloists. The principal comedian, Raymond Hitchcock, made a pronounced popular success in the title role, which he impersonated with true Yankee sang froid and dryness of humor. Flora Zabelle and Rose Botti, two soprano with light, clear and pleasing voices, took the leading feminine roles, and rivaled each other in the favorable impression they made. A splendid, fresh and vigorous chorus and an effective orchestra of eighteen members did justice to the concerted numbers. The play is most beautifully staged and costumed.

The scholarships recently offered by the Toronto Conservatory of Music for open competition have been awarded as follows: Pianoforte, Dr. Edward Fisher's to Miss Dora Dowler; Miss Maud Gordon's to Miss Alma Tipp; Miss Frances S. Morris's to Misses Julia Cayley and Madge Williamson; Mrs. J. L. Nichols's to Miss Hazel Keith; elementary to Misses Erskine Keres, Violet Moody and Frederica F. Slater. Vocal, Mrs. J. W. Bradley's to Miss Ida H. Sutherland and Mr. Bruce Paton; Miss Dora L. McMurry's to Misses Mabel McCormick and Vera L. Rundle. Violin, Mrs. Drechsler Adamson's to Master Leo Frankel. The examinations in connection with the scholarships of Mr. W. J. McNally and Mrs. E. T. Reburn have not yet been completed.

"How do you account for the sudden epidemic of grafting in all departments of public service?" asked the reporter, "Grafting is neither sudden nor recent," replied the practical politician, "hunting out and exposing the grafters is the latest fad—that's all."—Chicago "Tribune."

Rockliffe in October.

The river, shimmering in a grey-gold mist,
Lies fair and tranquil 'neath the western sun
That casts long shadows on the leaf-strewn banks.
A path of glory leads from shore to shore,
And glitters as the light breeze stirs
The water's breast, ruffling it into tiny waves.
Each tipped with golden splendor.
In the grass, which still grows bravely green,
A cricket breaks the stillness of the dreaming air
With loud and plaintive chirp, while, from afar,
The caw of a complaining crow
Sounds harshly on the unwilling ear.
A sad wind moans among the lonely trees
And shakes the brown leaves down to lie
In odorous heaps upon the freezing earth.
Till winter's wildly-whirling blasts shall come
To sweep them far and wide.
—Ruby M. Rothwell,
Ottawa, October 20th.

She—And what would you be now if it weren't for my money? He—A bachelor.—"Tit-Bits."

"Pa, what's platonic love?" "It's generally a bunch of trouble in disguise."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

She—But you do not appear to realize! If my boxes do not come, I shall have positively nothing to wear to-night. He—Ah—so. But then your loss will be our gain, you know.—Ex.

Politician—Congratulations, Sarah, I've been nominated. Sarah (with delight)—Honestly? Politician—What difference does that make?—Detroit "Free Press."

Mr. Jackson—Huh! Dat new-fangled coffee-mill yo' bought doan grind at all. Mrs. Jackson—Yeas, it's lak some hands. Expensive, goes aroun' a lot, en doan do no wuk.—"Puck."

Mrs. Planebuddy—My husband wanted me to have my picture taken, but I told him I didn't have a dress nice enough for the purpose. Mrs. Naylor—And is he going to buy you one? Mrs. Planebuddy—Oh, no, but the servant girl overheard me, and she offered to lend me one of hers.—Philadelphia "Ledger."

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Social and Personal.

The Misses Norah and Rhona Adair were the guests of honor at Mrs. McLaughlin's luncheon at the Lambton Golf Club on Saturday. They attended the Princess on Wednesday evening with their host and hostess. On Monday, after Mrs. Hammond's tea, they and their hostess, Mrs. Austin of Spadina, will form a party car with a Toronto friend for dinner at McConkey's and look in at Shea's before leaving for Montreal on the C.P.R.

A pretty episode of the Bowles-King wedding was quite impromptu. The small bridesmaids, finding themselves alone in the dining-room before the guests adjourned there for refreshments, took advantage of the playing of a dance

by the orchestra to execute a "pas de deux" of much grace and originality, both the fairy maids being clever at that sort of thing. Swinging their baskets of flowers, they danced with perfect abandon until surprised by the applause of the guests.

Mrs. Arthur Clute (nee Fleury) will receive on Tuesdays with her mother, Mrs. Fleury, at 390 Huron street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Fleury are at the King Edward. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham and Mrs. Botsford are also spending some time at that palatial hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. John Ross of Huntley street have gone up to Bracebridge, Muskoka, for a visit. Dr. Ross will get

some shooting and Mrs. Ross will benefit by the restoring air after her severe illness.

Mrs. A. D. Crooks (formerly Miss Ethel Ellis) held her post-nuptial receptions at her parents' home in St. Alban street on Tuesday and Wednesday, and was the recipient of many calls and welcomes back to Toronto. Miss Ellis was always a distinctly beautiful and esteemed member of Toronto society in her girlhood days, and as a young matron will continue to hold her enviable position.

Mr. George Beardmore entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening, November 10.

Great Questions of Religion.

The Rev. J. T. Sunderland of the Unitarian Church in this city, whose discourses on certain modern tendencies in religious development attracted so much attention during the past two winters, is announced in another column to give two courses of equal interest during the coming winter. One series, on "Religious Thought in the Twentieth Century," is to deal with such topics as faith, incarnation, conversion, prayer and worship, miracles, the devil, the day of judgment. The other series is rather sociological than theological. It is on "Great Public Questions," such as labor, wealth, gambling, the liquor problem, private monopoly and public ownership, the teaching of the Bible, religion and morals in the public schools and the newspaper press. The first of these special sermons will be given on Sunday evening next, on "The New Thought of Faith." Coming from a man of Mr. Sunderland's scholarship and ability, these discourses are worthy of the attention of all thoughtful people. It is the intention of "Saturday Night" to report at least some of them in full.

A Great Rifleman.

A week ago last Thursday evening, at the conclusion of the presentation of prizes won at the regimental matches, Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson announced that Colonel Gibson was to make a special presentation, of which there had been no previous intimation. Sergeant Mortimer was then called and presented by Colonel Gibson with a handsome set of silver. The latter drew attention to the fact that Sergeant Mortimer stands in the militia of Canada as the champion rifleman. In the summer of 1902 Canada was competing at Bisley against Australia, New Zealand, Cape Town, India, the South African colonies, Jersey and the Mother Country. Never before had there been such a meeting of rifle-teams representing different parts of the British Empire. Canada did not take first place, but Sergeant Mortimer of the Royal Grenadiers made an individual score that topped the scores of all other riflemen on the field. Out of a possible 105 he made 102. As the shooting had taken place at three separate ranges, there was no chance about this magnificent score. Colonel Gibson, who had been at Bisley as president of the Dominion Rifle Association, bore witness to the steadiness and caution of Sergeant Mortimer's marksmanship. Last August, by remarkably brilliant shooting at the Dominion rifle matches, he had captured the Governor-General's prize. For these achievements he was entitled to more than passing notice and honor from his fellow-citizens.

After this presentation Sergeant Mortimer and Colonel Gibson were heartily cheered.

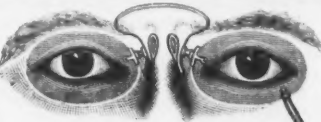
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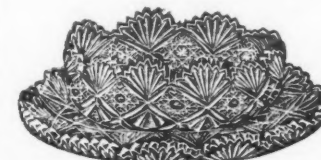
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On Trial for His Life.

By John Fox, Jr.

The following episode is taken from John Fox, Jr.'s exquisite story, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," a book published this fall. Chad, a boy, the hero of the story, returns home to find that his dog Jack has been accused of sheep-stealing. The Turners are the people with whom he lives. The Dillons are the enemies of the Turners. Whizzer is the Dillon's dog.

By degrees the whole story was told Chad that night. Now and then the Turners would ask him about his stay in the Blue-grass, but the boy would answer as briefly as possible, and come back to Jack. Before going to bed, Chad said he would bring Jack into the house. "Somebody might pizen him," he explained, and when he came back he started the circle about the fire.

"Whar's Whizzer?" he asked, sharply. "Who's seen Whizzer?" "Then it developed that no one had seen the Dillon dog since the day before the sheep was found dead near a ravine at the foot of the mountain in a back pasture. Late that afternoon Melissa had found Whizzer in that very pasture when she was driving old Betsy, the brindle, home at milking time. Since then, no one of the Turners had seen the Dillon dog. That, however, did not prove that Whizzer was not at home. And yet—

"I'd like to know whar Whizzer is now!" said Chad, and after, at Joel's command, he had tied Jack to a bed-post—an outrage that puzzled the dog sorely—the boy threshed his bed for an hour, trying to think out a defence for Jack, and wondering if Whizzer might not have been concerned in the death of the sheep.

It is hardly possible that what happened next day could happen anywhere except among simple people of the hills. Briefly, the old Squire and the circuit-rider had brought old Joel to the point of saying the night before that he would give Jack up to be killed if he could be proven guilty. "But," the old hunter cried with an oath, "you've got to prove him guilty." And thereupon the Squire said he would give Jack every chance that he would give a man—he would try him; each side could bring in witnesses; old Joel could have a lawyer if he wished, and Jack's case would go before a jury. If pronounced innocent, Jack should go free; if guilty—then the dog should be handed over to the sheriff to be shot at sundown. Joel agreed.

It was a strange procession that left the gate of the Turner cabin next morning. Old Joel led the way, mounted, with "old Sal," his rifle, across his saddle-bow. Behind him came Mother Turner and Melissa on foot, and Chad with his rifle over his left shoulder, and leading Jack by a string with his right hand. Behind them, slouching Tall Tom with his rifle, and Dolph and Rube, each with a huge, old-fashioned horse-pistol swinging from his right hip. Last strode the schoolmaster. The cabin was left deserted, the hospitable door held closed by a deerskin latch caught to a wooden pin outside.

It was a strange humiliation to Jack thus to be led along the highway, like a criminal going to the gallows. There was no power on earth that could have moved him from Chad's side, other than the boy's own command, but old Joel had sworn that he would keep the dog tied, and the old hunter always kept his word. He had sworn, too, that Jack should have a fair trial. Therefore, the guns—and the schoolmaster walked with his hands behind him and his eyes on the ground; he feared trouble.

Half a mile up the river and to one side of the road a space of some thirty feet square had been cut into a patch of rhododendron and filled with rude benches of slabs, in front of which was a rough platform on which sat a home-made, cane-bottomed chair. Except for the opening from the road, the space was walled with a circle of living green, through which the sun dappled the benches with quivering disks of yellow light, and high above great poplars and oaks arched their mighty heads. It was an open-air "meeting-house" where the circuit-rider preached during his summer circuit, and there the trial was to take place.

Already a crowd was idling, whittling, gossiping to the road, when the Turner cavalcade came in sight—and for ten miles up and down the river people were coming in for the trial.

"Mornin', gentlemen," said old Joel, gravely. "Mornin'," answered several, among whom was the Squire, who eyed Joel's gun and the guns coming up the road.

"Squirrel huntin'?" he asked, and as the old hunter did not answer, he added sharply:

"Air you afeerd, Joel Turner, that you ain't a-goin' to git justice from me?" "I don't keer whar it comes from," said Joel, grimly, "but I'm a-goin' to have it."

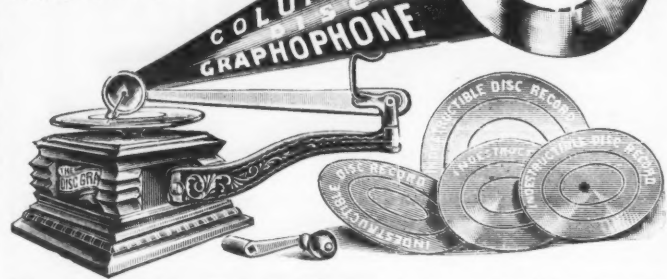
It was plain that the old man not only was making no plea for sympathy, but was alienating the little he had, and what he had was very little, for who but a lover of dogs can give full sympathy to his kind? And then Jack was believed to be guilty. It was curious to see how each Dillon shrank unconsciously as the Turners gathered—all but Jerry, one of the giant twins. He always stood his ground, fearing not man nor dog—nor devil.

Ten minutes later the Squire took his seat on the platform, while the circuit-rider squatted down beside him. The crowd, men, women and children, took the rough benches. To one side sat and stood the Dillons, old Tad and little Tad, Daws, Nance, and others of the tribe. Straight in front of the Squire gathered the Turners about Melissa and Chad and Jack as a center—with Jack squatted on his haunches foremost of all—facing the Squire with grave dignity, and looking at none else save, occasionally, the old hunter or his little master.

To the right stood the sheriff with his rifle, and on the outskirts hung the schoolmaster. Quickly the Squire chose a jury, giving old Joel the opportunity to object as he called each man's name. Old Joel objected to none, for every man called he knew was more friendly to him than to the Dillons, and old Tad Dillon raised no word of protest, for he knew his case was clear. Then began the trial, and any soul that was there would have shuddered could he have known how that trial was to divide neighbor against neighbor, and mean death and bloodshed for half a century after the trial itself was long forgotten.

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The first witness, old Tad—long, lean, stooping, crafty—had seen the sheep rushing wildly up the hillside "bout crack o' day," he said, and had sent Daws up to see what the matter was. Daws had shouted back:

"That damned Turner dog has killed one of our sheep. Thar he comes now. Kill him!" And old Tad had rushed indoors for his rifle and had taken a shot at Jack as he leaped into the road and looped for home. Just then a stern, thick little voice rose from behind Jack:

"He was a God's blessin' fer you that you didn't hit him!"

The Squire glared down at the boy, and old Joel said kindly:

"Hush, Chad."

Old Dillon had then gone down to the Turners, and asked them to kill the dog, but old Joel had refused.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Chad asked, sharply.

"You can't axe that question!" said the Squire. "Hit's er-irrelevant."

Daws came next. When he reached the fence upon the hillside he could see the sheep lying still on the ground. As he was climbing over, the Turner dog jumped the fence and Daws saw blood on his muzzle.

"How close was you to him?" asked the Squire.

"'Bout twenty feet," said Daws.

"Humph!" said old Joel.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Again the old Squire glared down at Chad.

"Don't you axe that question again, boy. Didn't I tell you hit was irrelevant?"

"What's irrelevant?" the boy asked bluntly.

The Squire hesitated. "Why—why, hit ain't got nothin' to do with the case."

"Hit ain't?" shouted Chad.

"Joel," said the Squire testily, "ef you don't keep that boy still, I'll fine him fer contempt o' court."

Joel laughed, but he put his heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. Little Tad Dillon and Nance and the Dillon mother had all seen Jack running down the road. There was no doubt but that it was the Turner dog. And with this clear against poor Jack, the Dillons rested. And what else could the Turners do but establish Jack's character and put in a plea of mercy—a useless plea, old Joel knew—for a first offence? Jack was the best dog old Joel had ever known, and the old man told wonderful tales of the dog's intelligence and kindness, and how, one night, Jack had guarded a stray lamb that had broken its leg until day-break, and he had been led to the dog and the sheep by Jack's barking for help. The Turner boys confirmed this story, though it was received with incredulity.

How could a dog that would guard one lone, helpless lamb all night long take the life of another?

There was no witness that had aught but kind words to say of the dog, or aught but wonder that he should have done this thing—even back to the cattle-dealer who had given him to Chad. For at that time the dealer said—so testified Chad, no objection being raised to hearsay evidence—that Jack was the best dog he ever knew. That was all the Turners or anybody could do or say, and the old Squire was about to turn the case over to the jury when Chad rose.

"Squire," he said, and his voice trembled. "Jack's my dog. I lived with him night an' day for 'bout three years, an' I want to axe some questions."

"I want to axe you ef thar was any blood around that sheep."

"Thar was a great big pool o' blood," said Daws, indignantly.

Chad looked at the Squire.

"Well, a sheep-killin' dog don't leave no great big pool o' blood. Squire, with the first one he kills. He sucks it." Several men nodded their heads.

"Squire, the first time I come over these mountains, the first people I seed was these Dillons—an' Whizzer. They sicked Whizzer on Jack hyeh, and Jack whooped him. Then Tad thar jumped me and I whooped him." (The Turner boys were nodding confirmation.) "Sence that time they've hated Jack an' they've hated me, an' they hate the Turners partly fer takin' keer o' me. Now, you said somethin' I axed just now was irrelevant, but I tell you, Squire, I know a sheep-killin' dawg, and jes' as I know Jack ain't, I know the Dillon dog nat'urely is, and I tell you if the Dillons' dawg killed that sheep and they could put it on Jack—they'd do it. They'd do it—Squire, an' I tell you, you—orten—to let—that—

—that—shoot my—dog—until the Dillons answers what I axed—the boy's passionate cry rang against the green walls and out the opening and across the river—

"Whar's Whizzer?"

The boy startled the crowd and the old Squire himself, who turned quickly to the Dillons.

"Well, whar is Whizzer?"

Nobody answered.

"He ain't been seen, Squire, sence the evenin' afore the night o' the killin'!"

Chad's statement seemed to be true. Not a voice contradicted.

"An' I want to know if Daws seed signs o' killin' on Jack's head when he jumped the fence, why them same signs didn't show when he got home?"

Poor Chad! Here old Tad Dillon raised his hand.

"Axe the Turners, Squire," he said, and as the schoolmaster on the outskirts shrank, as though he meant to leave the crowd, the old man's quick eye caught the movement and he added:

"Axe the school teacher!"

Every eye turned with the Squire's to the master, whose face was strangely serious straightway.

"Did you see any signs on the dawg when he got home?" The gaunt man hesitated, with one swift glance at the boy, who almost paled in answer.

"Why," said the schoolmaster, and again he hesitated, but old Joel, in a plea of mercy that was without hope, encouraged him:

"Go on!"

"What was they?"

"Jack had blood on his muzzle, and a little strand o' wool behind one ear."

There was no hope against that testimony. Melissa broke away from her mother and ran out to the road—weeping. Chad dropped with a sob to his bench and put his arms around the dog; then he rose up and walked out of the opening, while Jack leaped against his leash to follow.

The schoolmaster put out his hand to stop him, but the boy struck it aside without looking up and went on; he could not stay to see Jack condemned. He knew what the verdict would be, and in twenty minutes the jury gave it, without leaving their seats.

"Guilty!"

The sheriff came forward. He knew Jack and Jack knew him and wagged his tail and whined up at him when he took the leash.

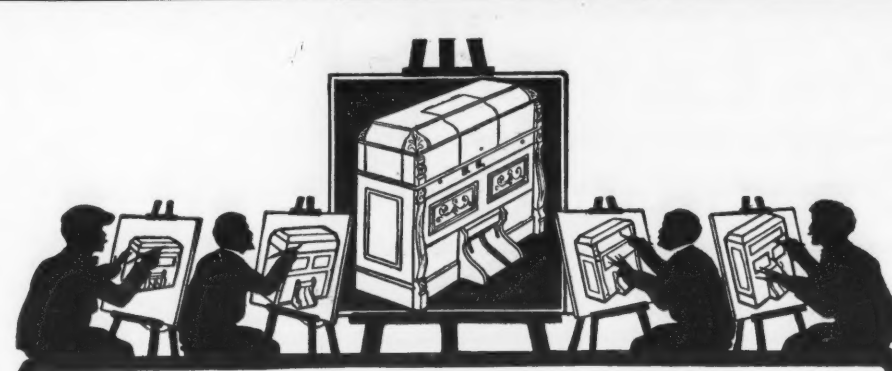
"Well, by—, this is a job I don't like, an' I'm damned ef I'm agoin' to shoot this dawg afore he knows what I'm shootin' him fer. I'm goin' to show him that sheep fust. Whar's that sheep, Daws?"

Daws led the way down the road, over the fence, across the meadow, and up the hillside where lay the slain sheep. Chad and Melissa saw them coming—the whole crowd—before they themselves were seen. For a minute the boy watched them.



"I have been asked to the firemen's masked ball, and I don't know what to impersonate."

"Why not go as an old flame?"



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Kingdom Come.

There was little doubt that the boy was right—that Jack had come on Whizzer killing the sheep, and had caught him at the edge of the ravine, where the two had fought, rolling down and settling the old feud between them in the darkness at the bottom. And up there on the hillside, the jury that pronounced Jack guilty pronounced him innocent, and, as the Turners started joyfully down the hill, the sun that was to have sunk on Jack stiff in death sank on Jack frisking before them—home.

Good Morning.

Good morning, my little boy blue,
The flush of the dawn's in the sky.
The grass of the meadow is wet with the dew
And the robin is singing on high.
The sun of ambition not yet
Has come with its pitiless rays,
To bring you the pining, the pain, and
Of the noontide of passion ablaze.
No sign of the cloud-rack appears,
No hint of the wild afternoon,
Its lightning of loss and its tempest of tears
And the darkness that falleth too soon.
Then follows the bow of that peace
Which paints the departing of light,
When pleasures and labors and sorrows
Must cease
In the infinite calm of the night.
Good morning, then, little boy blue,
The flush of the dawn's in the sky,
The grass of the meadow is wet with the dew
And the robin is singing on high.
—Frederick A. Wright in "Critic."

Literary Notes.

Owing to the great interest manifested in the "MS. in a Red Box," so ingeniously advertised by John Lane, it is announced that Modd, Dead & Co. will soon publish an adventure story to be known as the "MS. in a Brown Paper Parcel." It is explained that the story was picked up by the wife of one of the publishers in mistake for a parcel of rolled oats she had bought in a grocery store. The firm has advertised for the author, but

he or she, apparently, has been ashamed to claim the book, a feeling that will be quite intelligible to those reading it.

Moughton, Hiffin & Co. are about to publish the "MS. Wrapped Around a Pork Chop." The story was bought by Mr. Hiffin because, as he explains, it had something good in it.

"The MS. found in an Ash Barrel" (Mobbs-Berrill Company) is said to be a sure success. It was discovered by Mr. Mobbs's son as he was hunting for a tomato can to hold bait. As the ash barrel belonged to the Booth Tarkington Doughnut Factory, it is evident the story must be a good one.

The next book promised from Rentano's is the "MS. Found on the Pantry Shelf." This priceless story was being used by Mrs. Rentano to keep jam stains off the shelf, when it was discovered by Tommy Rentano, who had gone to swipe sugar. He became so absorbed in the story that he read four shelves of it, throwing pots of jam to the floor as they obstructed his view.—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Royal Etiquette.

In a recent issue of "Truth," Henry Labouchere says: "I have never, as yet, been able to understand why the sovereign of a country should array himself in a military uniform when he visits a brother sovereign, or why he should assume this uniform when he appears in some ceremony within his own dominions, although he may not himself be a soldier. The etiquette, too, seems to be that the visitor should, on seeing his royal brother, be arrayed in a uniform of the country that he visits, and the host in one pertaining to the country of his guest. To me all this is as absurd as it would be for a person visiting another to exchange coats with him. It is apparently a habit peculiar to monarchs, for their staffs do not travesty themselves; nor did President Loubet on his visit to England wear either an English or a French uniform."

"He says he moves in the best society." "So he does; he owns a furniture van."—Smart Set.

Another Point of View.

A Monologue.

HERE I am, darned socks—I never thought I should descend to anything so unromantic. And there Tom sits by the fire, reading the paper—such an ungraceful pose too!—and not paying the least attention to me. Oh, dear! married life is so different from what I fancied it to be! Nothing but old bothers about butchers and grocers and servants and—things. Ouch! I have pricked my finger again.

In my girlish dreams I used to see Tom and myself wandering through beautiful groves, hand in hand, for the rest of our lives, picking wood violets, all the year round. Oh, no, we couldn't do that in winter. Well, in winter I could imagine him kneeling at my feet all day long, begging for a kiss—Tom used to do that sort of thing very nicely—the begging, I mean. Now, I couldn't picture him in such a position. He actually grabs me and kisses me in a noisy fashion! I am beginning to believe Tom doesn't understand my nature—my aspirations, the love of the beautiful and poetic. Tom is so material. He doesn't seem to care at all about cultivating his higher ego—I think that is what it is called. Perhaps, after all, I have made a mistake. I believe I should have married a man of artistic temperament—one that would appeal to my most exalted sensibilities; one that wouldn't expect me to darn socks! Ugh! There, I have stuck my finger for the eighteenth time.

I don't believe I am as happy as I have thought I was. Lots of people said I should not have married a man so much older than myself. Maybe some of those people were right, though I remember how angry I was at the time I heard it. Oh, dear! I wonder how many times I have sighed this evening.

What's that noise? There it is again. Goodness! what can it be? It's a snore! How perfectly disgusting! It is positively insulting! Oh, dear! There, I nearly sighed again. Well, I just won't!

Tom is certainly getting stout—so prosaic. Horrors, I can see over the top of his chair, a wrinkle of fat in the back of his neck! That is death to all sentiment, forever! And, upon my soul, I believe I see two gray hairs—and, yes, that looks like the beginning of a bald spot. I never can stand that, and if it gets to be a pink bald spot, I shall die!

How superbly that young tenor sang "Lohengrin" last night! How heavenly to marry a man like that, who would sing to you from morning till night, and, of course, never think about things to eat or be annoyed if breakfast was delayed an hour or so, and make a fuss on account of being late down town. Ah, what a paradise life would be, mated with one like that! And I couldn't fancy a Lohengrin with a bald spot, or wearing holes in his socks! Ouch! I won't have any fingers left if I don't stop pricking them. Oh, dear, it is a sad, sad world—nothing but trouble.

Well, I've heard people of experience say you are really happier and certainly better off when you reach the utterly indifferent stage. I am sure I have got there, and I think—oh, yes, I am sure it suits me exactly. There's Tom, evidently perfectly indifferent toward me. No, no! I didn't mean that. No, I don't want him to feel indifferent toward me—not at all. I shouldn't care for that in the least. Of course, there is no reason why Tom should feel indifferent toward me. I am quite sure I am all any man could demand in a wife. Tom never finds fault with me, and that must be because I am perfect. I didn't exactly mean that—I meant I must be as near perfection as any wife can be. Oh, no, Tom has no reason to be other than quite satisfied with me.

Still, it seems strange that he should sleep when I am right here. Oh, but that's absurd! And yet, this is my birthday, and he's forgotten all about it. I am so glad I am indifferent—I don't care at all! I shouldn't mind, even if Tom were to flirt with some other woman; it wouldn't disturb me in the least. Now I come to think of it, Tom leveled the opera-glasses three times toward that horrid Mrs. Lorimer last night at the opera. I remember distinctly it was three times, though my back was turned at the moment. I wonder if he thinks she is better looking than I. She doesn't dress as well—and she hasn't a particle of taste, and she is downright ugly and I am pretty sure I have heard things about her. Anyhow, if I haven't, I will! And she's stupid, and I hate her—I hate her!

Tom! No, I mustn't disturb him. There, I'll move the screen before the fire; I'm sure he is too warm. No wonder he sleeps—he is so tired. That's from "Lohengrin" last night. He didn't feel at all like going, and went only to please me. How good he is to me! And he does look awfully well in evening dress. Yes, he is really getting gray—poor darling, worrying over my extravagance, I'll warrant. And gray hair is so distinguished. No, he isn't bald, after all. That was only the shadow from the firelight. And I do hate thin men. He's never cross, and I know I am of no disagreeable. Tom, wake up, I want to tell you—No, I want you to tell me how nice I am. Oh, Tom, what are you putting on my finger? For my birthday? . . . Oh, Tom, what a beauty—I was just dying for a ring like that. Tom, darling, you are the best man in the whole world!—May Isabel Fliske.

A Memory.

Between the feet of the summer hours
I see the love-fire in the flowers;
I see the cloud-boat round the breeze.
And sail and sail the azure seas.
I see the sunlight dull and die,
I see the long broad shadows lie
On a level where sheep and heifers graze,
And the little wind at the wood's edge plays.
Again I hear the thrush wind round
The dusk with far-off, fading sound
Once more, like the song in the twilight trees,
A dream-bliss dies in the heart of me.
—John Vance Cheney, in "Atlantic Monthly."

The Numeral Series.

"Mr. Punch" has been investigating the question of literary successes, and he has arrived at the surprisingly novel conclusion that much depends on the name of the book. He believes, for instance, that Mr. Kipling owes much of his fame to his habit of including a numeral in the title of his volumes. Having the welfare of authors and publishers at heart, "Mr. Punch" selects the fol-

lowing titles from his Christmas announcement list, as an aid to finding suitable names:

"The Two Too Solid Flesh: a Vegetarian Romance." By G. Bernard Shaw.
"The Three Bridges." By the Inventor of Ping-Pong.
"The Four Corners." By J. Pierpont Morgan.
"The Seven Dials." By Big Ben.
"The Nine Helms." By W. W. Jacobs.
"The Hundred Best Cooks." By Lieut.-Colonel Newnam Davis.
"The Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days." By Zadkiel.
"The Thousand and One Knights." By DeBrett.

Where the Wood Goes.

(Recent statistics show that the vast quantities of wood pulp required to make the paper for the enormous numbers of novels printed in one cause of the rapid disappearance of the forests of North America.)
We ask: "Where have the forests gone?"
The man of wisdom spoke:
"Historical romance has drawn
Upon the weathered oak."

"The novelist whose heroine
No end of sorrow sees—
He is the man who's taken in
The weeping willow trees."
"The summer girl romancer, too,
Has taken at a gulp
Each beech as quickly as it grew,
And turned it into pulp."
"The Libby Lady—Laura Jean—
Whose heroes are divine—
Who always has a soulful scene—
Has called for all the pine."

"The problem novelists declare
They cannot get enough
Of wood their doubtful tales to bear—
They call for knotty stuff."
"The David Harms constantly
Old hickory reduces,
And such books as 'Beaucaire,' you see,
Have need for all the spruce."

"The pirate stories, with their thrills—
With buccas at the helm—
They give us bleak and dreary hills
And take the silp'ry elm."
"The schoolboy stories get the birch;
And Seton Thompson's screeds
Have sent the lumbermen a-search
For dogwood on the meads."

And this is where our woods have gone.
What's left for you and me
To print our labored thought upon.
Except the chestnut tree?
—Chicago "Tribune."

Let Your Stomach Have Its Own Way.

Do Not Try to Drive and Force It to Work
When It Is Not Able or Will Suffer
All the More.

You cannot treat your stomach as some men treat a balky horse—force, drive or even starve it into doing work at which it rebels. The stomach is a patient and faithful servant and will stand much abuse and ill-treatment before it "balks," but when it does you had better go slow with it and not attempt to make it work. Some people have the mistaken idea that they can make their stomachs work by starving themselves. They might cure the stomach that way, but it would take so long that they would have no use for a stomach when they got through. The sensible way out of the difficulty is to let the stomach rest if it wants to and employ a substitute to do its work.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do the work of your stomach for you and digest your food just as your stomach used to when it was well. You can prove this by putting your food in a glass jar with one of the tablets and sufficient water and you will see the food digested in just the same time as the digestive fluids of the stomach would do it. That will satisfy your mind. Now, to satisfy both your mind and body take one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after eating—eat all and what you want—and you will feel in your mind that your food is being digested because you will feel no disturbance or weight in your stomach—in fact, you will forget all about having a stomach, just as you did when you were a healthy boy or girl.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act in a natural way because they contain only the natural elements of the gastric juices and other digestive fluids of the stomach. It makes no difference what condition the stomach is in, they go right ahead of their own accord and do their work. They know their business and surrounding conditions do not influence them in the least. They thus relieve the weak stomach of all its burdens and give it its much-needed rest and permit it to become strong and healthy.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box. They are so well known and their popularity is so great that a druggist would be soon think of being out of alcohol or quinine. In fact, physicians are prescribing them all over the land, and if your own doctor is real honest with you he will tell you frankly that there is nothing on earth so good for dyspepsia as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

The Wren and The Yellow-Hammer

The Wren, despite her diminutive size, held her head very high among the rest. For over two centuries the classical Sir Kilda could not be ceased to interest learned men. On this remote and rocky island of the Western Isles, where some 100 inhabitants dwell, colds are unknown except after the arrival of a ship from the mainland, when all the inhabitants are seized with colds, even the babe at the breast. Afterward they seem to become to some extent immune, for many escape until the following year. The inhabitants affirm that those colds which are brought by boats from the large ports, Glasgow and Liverpool, are more severe than those brought from the Hebrides.

One day her friend, Cock Robin, meeting her, remarked—

"I say? I didn't know you were such a pair with that Common or Hedgerow Yellow-Hammer!"

"Pals with him!" chirped Miss Wren, whisking her Tail Feathers, scornfully. "Never exchanged so much as a Twitter with the Creature in my Life. What can make you suppose such a Thing?"

"Why, I heard him talking about you to a Lot of other Hedgerow Riff-Raff," answered Cock Robin. "And it was 'Jenny this' and 'Jenny that,' just as though he were your Bosom Friend."

"Oh, is that all?" replied Miss Wren, carelessly. "Many of the Lower Birds talk about me behind my Back as 'Jenny.' It is a Common Practice with them."

"But why are they guilty of such Impudence?" enquired the indignant Cock Robin.

"Because," rejoined Miss Wren, with a sagacious Air, "they find it a cheap and easy Way of making the Vulgar think that They are in my Flight."

Moral—It is easy to give a Pet-Name Intimacy with Smart Persons—on Paper.—"Truth."

"Why don't you eat your pie, Uncle Reuben? Don't you like a pumpkin pie?" "Yes, I like it all right, but that young woman you've got helpin' you around here took my knife away!"—Chicago "Record-Herald."

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The Berliner Gram-o-phone stands without a peer—it enables every family to listen to and cultivate a taste for the masterpieces of music, in every instance produced specially for the Berliner Gram-o-phone by the leading artists in the musical world.

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The Common Cold.

THERE is no doubt, according to the London "Hospital," that the ordinary nasal catarrh is a specific infectious disease. What we observe among domestic animals affords ample evidence of this. It is a familiar fact that a horse that has been wintered out, on being brought into a stable with others is most likely to develop a cold. The coachman will say it is because the unaccustomed warmth of the stable makes him "neat." However, disinfection of the stable before bringing animals from grass is a true preventive of the symptoms of catarrh. What occurs among domestic animals we observe, too, among ourselves. Some source of infection must be present before it is possible to catch a cold. There are places where colds are unknown. The universal experience of Arctic and Antarctic explorers is that so long as the members of the expedition are in the polar regions they remain free from colds, but on return to the mainland they seem to become to some extent immune, for many escape until the following year. The inhabitants affirm that those colds which are brought by boats from the large ports, Glasgow and Liverpool, are more severe than those brought from the Hebrides.

Paris's Greatest Scientist.

SINCE the death of Pasteur in 1895, M. Elie Metchnikoff is probably the most distinguished scientist in Paris. He is a Russian by birth, as his surname makes evident, and possessed of all the naive and large-hearted simplicity of his race. As a scientific writer he is most refreshing. His new book, "The Nature of Man," has been pronounced by English scholars the most important contribution to science since Darwin's "Origin of Species," and yet it can be read with ease, profit and pleasure by the most casual amateur. Among the dry-as-dust specialists, M. Metchnikoff is as a pioneer in an untried country, and perhaps a bit of an adventurer. He demonstrates enthusiastically and by the most approved scientific methods, that people should live

a hundred and thirty-odd years. A man who expires at seventy or eighty is the victim of accident, cut off in the flower of his youth! M. Metchnikoff gives very good advice about simple living in a charming and piquant way, and if his prophecies will probably not greatly prolong our day and generation, we still may add something to our span of life by studying his entertaining precepts.

Retorts—Courteous and Otherwise.

("T. P.'s Weekly," London.)

HACKERAY lamented that his best retorts always occurred to him too late, and probably most of us have had a similar bitter experience.

Therefore it is that we envy those happy mortals who have "got off" their retorts on the spur of the moment, and scored accordingly.

I have for many years been in the habit of jotting down every good thing of this sort that I have come across, and a few of these trifles from my wallet of wit I would present here to the readers of "T. P.'s Weekly."

I shall avoid the professional wits, Douglas Jerrold, Jekyll, Theodore Hook, Curran, and the like, whose retorts have become classic, and confine myself to the repartees of less known and often absolutely obscure persons.

One insouciant turns to Ireland first as the home of the happy retort. I take a couple at haphazard.

After the fall of the last Liberal Administration, the Greenore boat was one morning entering Holyhead, and an Irish drover was busy on the main deck getting about a score of donkeys ready for landing, when a gentleman on the saloon bridge called out: "Well, Pat, bringing over some new Irish members, eh?"

Pat glanced up roughly. "No, your honor; a new cabinet for Lord Salisbury."

Not less smart was the retort of a drunken Irishman at New York, who was shouting, "Hurrah for old Ireland!" with enthusiastic vigor, when a cynical Yankee interrupted him contemptuously with, "Hurrah for hell!" Pat turned on him with a smile of imperturbable good temper. "Begorra! thure for you, son. Shure, every man has a right to shout for his own country."

I might quote scores of Irish retorts, but as I wish to give each nationality a turn, I'll let the Scotchman have his say. The late Dr. Jowett used to tell with great unction the following story, which he declared had tickled him more than anything of the sort he had ever heard. A Scotch minister, seeing one of his congregation asleep, brought him up with a pause, and then, shaking a minatory finger at him, said solemnly and sternly: "There'll be no sleeping in hell, John." To which the offender promptly

retorted, "Aye, but it'll no be for the lack o' ministers."

The story is told somewhat differently by Dean Ramsay, but the point is the same.

As often as not, however, it was the minister that scored. It is told of an eccentric and eloquent Scotch divine that he once met a couple of his parishioners at the house of a lawyer notorious for his sharp practice, and of whose honesty the minister had no great opinion. Said the lawyer, jocularly but ungraciously: "Doctor, these are members of your flock. May I ask, do you look upon them as white sheep or black sheep?" "I don't know," replied the reverend doctor drily, "whether they are black or white sheep, but I do know that if they are long here they are pretty sure to be fleeced."

Better.

(After the Persian.)

Better light without sun
Than sun without light;
Better right without law
Than law without right.

Better tears without grief
Than grief without tears;
Better years without age
Than age without years.

Better truth without words
Than words without truth;
Better youth without gold
Than gold without youth.

Better hope without news
Than news without hope;
Better scope without mind
Than mind without scope.

Better cross without crown
Than crown without cross;
Better loss without gain
Than gain without loss.

Better flight without wings
Than wings without flight;
Better sight without eyes
Than eyes without sight.

Better heart without head
Than head without heart;
Better art without works
Than works without art.

Better Pan without pipes
Than pipes without Pan;
Better man without God
Than God without man.
—William J. Lampton.

No Bullfinches For Him.

Robbs—What a touchy little chap Hotspur is—he's always ready to take offence.

Sharpe—I've known him when he wouldn't.

Robbs—When was that?

Sharpe—When we were following the Atherstone hounds. He'd always rather go half a mile round—sooner than take a fence.—"Ally Siopa's."

Mrs. Flatleigh—I see you still have the same cook. Mrs. Urbanite—Yes, indeed. We have been with her nearly six months now.—Chicago "News."

A Specialty

WE have imported this season from England a large and choice variety of the private Christmas and New Year Greeting Cards with blank page for printing u p o n, which are so much in vogue in the Old Country. Orders for printing respectfully solicited : : : : :

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"Oh, yes, I do," quickly replied the teacher; "just look. Did you ever see any larger than mine?"

Kenneth surveyed them carefully.

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"Didn't you have a pleasant voyage?" he asked. "Oh, yes," replied Miss Greatblood, "except for the vulgar trade winds we encountered."—Philadelphia "Ledger."

The Judge—You say your wife hit you over the head with a plate? Bastus—Yes, sah. "But your head doesn't show it." "But you done oughter see dat plate."—"Life."

In Falkirk churchyard is an ancient tombstone with rough figures of Adam and Eve carved thereon. Underneath is the inscription: "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

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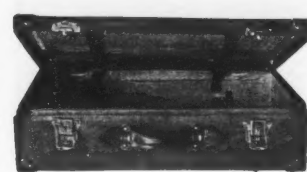
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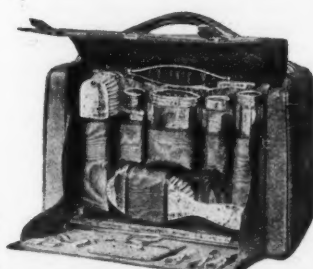


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This book of Mr. Haultain's should find a wide circle of readers. The author's style is of the highest order, he has a healthy delight in nature and keen insight into character, a sure grip of the Canadian social and political situation, and with a fine humor that is given to but few writers.

In these walks the author is more or less a dream, and the mind flits rapidly from theme to theme. They are, indeed, studies of Canadian life and affairs, treated in a most charming vein inspired by the surroundings of nature.

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How HE SAILED TO ST. HELENA.

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A charming book! must be the judgment of anyone reading Mr. Arnold Haultain's "Two Country Walks in Canada." Mr. Haultain has not selected the seasons usually chosen by poets (and in fact, the book the author is essentially a poet). Spring and summer in Canada are prolix themes, but Mr. Haultain sees that winter and autumn can be

equally inspiring. In his winter study he has made no minute examination of sky and forest, frozen meadow and bridged stream. He has wandered forth from the "familiar" town of Dunsmuir into winter-bound nature, and by illuminating passages of great power has drawn a rapid and vivid picture of Canada's most striking season. He makes no apology nor excuse for our Canadian winter. He boldly states that it is at times intensely cold, and that the snow lies deep on the ground. He, moreover, glories in the fact. "Our Lady of the Snows" is to him quite as charming as "Our Lady of the Sunshine." In a few terse sentences all the glory of naked winter is revealed.

"Snow lay deep over the whole land,

thick on every roof, over the edges of which it protruded itself in irregular curves—solid catenets suspended in air, and vaulted over by the weight of their descent by long six-foot icicles. Snow-white was every road, save for the two dirty grooves beaten down by the boots of horses. Snow covered the country, far as the eye could reach; glistening like glaciers on the hillside, deep purple and blue in the patches shaded by the pines; only the woods showing black against the dazzling white, the perpendicular walk of the wooden farm buildings, the solitary trees and shrubs, and the straggling snake-fences—long unshapen logs of split timber, their ends placed zig-zag the one over the other, to keep the structure erect—relieved the white monotony." But, despite the snow and the frost, winter is to Mr. Haultain Canada's "season—the time when her social life is most fully realized. In these country walks the author is more or less a dream, and the mind flits rapidly from theme to theme. They are, indeed, studies of Canadian life and affairs, and all the great problems that are before the Canadian public are touched upon. The attitude of the native-born Canadian towards the Englishman, the effect of contiguity to the United States of America, the immigration problem, the future of the Dominion, etc., are all touched upon with suggestive insight.

but the charm of Mr. Haultain's work is not to be found in what he says on these serious problems—and he usually speaks with wisdom—but in the manner in which he expresses his thoughts. His style is of a high order, and suggests such writers as Ruskin, Emerson, and Goldwin Smith. What a fine interpretation of nature is given in the following passage: "These trees formed often the most striking of thick woods. Into these I penetrated. A profound silence pervaded them, a silence so intense, so all-embracing, it seemed to envelop the forest, to go out into space, to envelop the world in its grasp. Not a thing stirred. To be alive in that shrine of deathlike soundlessness seems desecration. It is supreme, infinite, absolute; you, the living, moving onlooker, are finite and relative, a thing of time and space. To think is to disturb the serenity of its repose; for, to think is to attempt to limit it, to reduce it to the level of yourself, and no thought is large enough to compass it. The wintry woods, the white unfurrowed fields, stimulate no sense. The soul of man seems bared to the soul of nature, and human thought and the universal mind seem contiguous and continuous. Silence affects the mind as darkness affects the senses; both in their impressiveness quicken the faculties to the utmost; and yet, as no sense can perceive the impalpability of darkness, so no thought can pierce the impenetrability of silence. One must visit a wintry wood in a northern clime to experience emotions such as these." The autumn walk over muddy roads is equally entertaining. The writer begins his tramp under the influence of Wordsworth, and throughout it is a Wordsworthian study. He sees the poetry and the tragedy of the commonplace, and his pen-picture of a wayside village on the Kingston road, with its sleepy, unambitious inhabitants, is perfectly done.

in this study he proves himself a clear-sighted interpreter of life. It is to be regretted, however, that he has seen fit to deal, in his autumn study, at such length with the educational problem. Many will be unable to hold with him on that question. However, his remarks on this somewhat hackneyed subject are suggestive. But he is strong when he leaves these "depressing ruminations" and drinks in the "keen, fresh morning air" of autumn; delights in "the little waves slow lapping on the shore—the smell of growing turnips drenched in morning dew."

"Two Country Walks in Canada" should find a wide circle of readers. Mr. Haultain's style is of the highest order; he has a healthy delight in nature, a keen insight into character, a sure grip of the Canadian social and political situation, and with a fine humor that is given to but few writers. The book, too, is an excellent specimen of book-making—artistic from a book-lover's point of view as the matter it contains will prove to the lover of good literature. (George N. Morang and Company, Limited.)

The world rejoices to find Brigadier Gerard riding abroad once more, and meeting with wilder adventures than have been. "The Adventures of Gerard," by Sir A. Conan Doyle (George N. Morang and Company, Limited), will be eagerly read, even in this day of fiction deluge, when it is impossible to remember the most delightful heroine of yesterday's best-selling book. But Gerard is an old friend almost as well known as Terence Mulvaney, and it is with some melancholy that we discover the title of the eighth chapter—"The Last Adventure of the Brigadier." But heroes who have said farewell have been known to return, even as does the prime donna, and we have hopes that Etienne Gerard may ride across our path again. In fact, some of us could spare Sherlock Holmes more easily than this garrulous, boastful Brigadier, who tells us so artlessly of his moments of cowardice and of his flashes of courage. He is one of those rare characters who take us completely into their confidence, and we should never think of betraying the worthy Etienne. The natural force of Conan Doyle's style is unabated in this latest volume. These are stories, indeed, where we are not halted by a moral just as we are anxious to see the hero get on in his troubled path. "How the Brigadier Slew the Fox" is the most delightful bit of blundering, and yet the Brigadier at Waterloo is a hero to be remembered long. The illustrations by W. R. Wollen are an excellent conception of the egotistic Etienne, and the various stirring scenes through which he passes.

"The Clerk of Coin" by Harry Lindsay (Fleming H. Revell Company) is a rather interesting character study. The writer follows the fortunes and misfortunes of a young man who enters the world of business and develops a desire that amounts almost to a temporary craze to "make money." Success beyond his wildest dreams is about to crown his efforts, when the bubble of luck bursts and he finds himself on the brink of ruin. Higher influences, which are brought to bear on his case have their

effect, and the author weaves a pretty little romance, finally marrying his hero to the girl of his choice.

"The Lives of Our Thomas" (in nine volumes), is a cat story, written by that prince of feline raconteurs, A. Ratte Catchurr. This account of a simple, unassuming cat, who led the ordinary nine lives without ostentation, may well give his pause. No one who has heard and loved a Thomas can afford to be without these volumes. The illustrations, by Mr. Boot Jack, are decidedly striking and realistic. Mr. Thompson-Fleetin' turned green with envy when he read the first chapter of this charming work. It is a cure for insomnia. (Furre, Claws & Co.)

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Grant—At Huntsville, Ont., on Saturday, the 31st October, 1903, the wife of D. M. Grant, barrister-at-law, of a son, Hagarty—Nov. 3, Toronto, Mrs. T. M. Hagarty, a daughter.
Toms—Nov. 3, Woburn, Mrs. John Toms, a daughter.
Reid—Nov. 5, Campbellford, Mrs. A. J. Reid, a daughter.
Reynolds—Nov. 9, Toronto, Mrs. H. R. Reynolds, a son.
Hooper—Nov. 4, St. Catharines, Mrs. Edward M. Hooper, a daughter.
Erskine—Nov. 10, Toronto, Mrs. Kenneth Erskine, a son.

Marriages

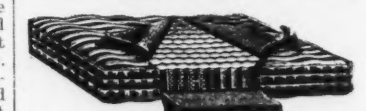
Dawson—Crawford—At Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, Toronto, on Thursday, Nov. 5th, by the Rev. H. A. McPherson, pastor, assisted by Rev. A. M. Currie, M.A., Almonte, cousin of the bride, Annie Edith, only daughter of T. H. Crawford, Esq., of Toronto, to Joseph Dawson, Brampton.
Sheridan—Dowse—On Wednesday, November 11th, Archie Ingram Sheridan to Edna Katherine Dowse.
Snider—MacMillan—Nov. 3, Ottawa, Harvey G. Snider to Daisy MacMillan.
Stevenson—Pemberton—Nov. 10, Toronto, Percy C. Stevenson to Helen Tudor Pemberton.
Scadding—Gray—Nov. 4, Toronto, John Lewis Severn Scadding to Ethel Newell Gray.
Bonnell—Wyle—Nov. 7, Toronto, Walter C. Bonnell to Annie Wyle.
Nixon—Barber—Oct. 28, Georgetown, Alfred Nixon, M.D., to Elizabeth Jessie Barber.
Dixon—Harvey—At St. Peter's Church, on Nov. 10th, by the Rev. H. C. Dixon, Ruby Rowe, second daughter of William Case Harvey, to Wm. E. J. Dixon, eldest son of the late Major W. Dixon, of the 82nd Devonshire Regiment.

Deaths

Dainty—Oct. 22, Gullford, Surrey, England, Lieut.-Col. Charles George Dainty.
Lampriere—South Africa, Hugh A. Lampriere.
Riddell—Nov. 8, Toronto, John Riddell, aged 91 years.
McGregor—Drowned, near Oakville, Don-

aid McGregor, of Galt, aged 38 years.
Massey—Nov. 11, London, England, Anna Vincent Massey.
Minty—Nov. 11, Toronto, Maria Minty.
Thompson—Nov. 10, Baltimore, Md., Jan. Isabel Thompson.
Bayne—Nov. 11, Toronto, William Bayne (date of Chicago), aged 75 years.

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